(2.)

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE;

OR,

A Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

BY

MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego Carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.
Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

GLASGOW:
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MDCCLVI.

To the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bart.

OF

Moſtyn-hall in *Flintſhire.*

SIR,

'TIS no ſmall reflection on pieces of this nature, that Panegyric is ſo much improv'd, and that dedication is grown more an art than poetry; that authors, to make their patrons more than men, make themſelves leſs; and that perſons of honour are forc'd to decline patronizing wit, becauſe their modeſty cannot bear the groſs ſtrokes of adulation.

But give me leave to ſay, Sir, that I am too young an author to have learnt the art of flattery; and, I hope, the ſame modeſty which recommended this play to the world, will alſo reconcile my addreſſes to you, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your merits may warrant, and all that have the honour of your acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greateſt Panegyric upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare truth of your character, the fire of youth, with the ſedateneſs of a ſenator, and the modern gaiety of a fine Engliſh gentleman, with the noble ſolidity of the antient Briton.

This is the character, Sir, which all men, but yourſelf, are proud to publiſh of you, and which more celebrated pens than mine ſhould tranſmit to poſterity.

The play has had ſome noble appearances to honour its repreſentation; and to compleat the ſucceſs, I have preſum'd to prefix ſo noble a name to uſher it into the world. A ſtately frontiſpiece is the beauty of a building. But here I muſt tranſverſe Ovid:

Materia ſuperabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,

Your moſt Devoted, and Humble Servant,

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

AN affected modeſty is very often the greateſt vanity, and authors are ſometimes prouder of their bluſhes than of the praiſes that occaſion'd them. I ſhan't therefore, like a fooliſh virgin, fly to be purſu'd, and deny what I chiefly wiſh for. I am very willing to acknowledge the beauties of this play, eſpecially thoſe of the third night, which not to be proud of, were the height of impudence: Who is aſham'd to value himſelf upon ſuch favours, undervalues thoſe who conferr'd them.

As I freely ſubmit to the criticiſms of the judicious, ſo I cannot allow this an ill play, ſince the town has allow'd it ſuch ſucceſs. When they have pardon'd my faults, 'twere very ill manners to condemn their indulgence. Some may think (my acquaintance in town being too ſlender to make a party for the play) that the ſucceſs muſt be deriv'd from the pure merits of the cauſe. I am of another opinion; I have not been long enough in town to raiſe enemies againſt me; and the Engliſh are ſtill kind to ſtrangers. I am below the envy of great wits, and above the malice of little ones. I have not diſpleaſed the ladies, nor offended the clergy; both which are now pleas'd to ſay, that a comedy may be diverting without ſmut and profaneneſs.

Next to thoſe advantages, the beauties of action gave the greateſt life to the play, of which the town is ſo ſenſible, that all will join with me in commendation of the actors,

and allow, (without detracting from the merit of others) that the Theatre Royal affords an excellent and compleat ſet of Comedians. Mr. Wilks's performance has ſet him ſo far above competition in the part of Wildair, that none can pretend to envy the praiſe due to his merit. That he made the part, will appear from hence, that whenever the ſtage has the misfortune to loſe him, Sir Harry Wildair may go to the jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a Miſnomer: I muſt tell them, that perhaps there are greater trips in the play; and when I find that more exact plays have had better ſucceſs, I'll talk with the critics about decorums, &c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excuſable.

PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing ſo checks their fury
As wit, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
Our ſpark's half dead to think what medley's come,
With blended judgments to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all falſe fear; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave don thinks but dully writ,
His neighbour i'th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wiſe, if any;
Our youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like ends to church and play,
Not to obſerve what prieſts or poets ſay,
No! no! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The ladies ſafe may ſmile, for here's no ſlander,
No ſmut, no lewd-tongu'd beau, no double entendre.
'Tis true, he has a ſpark juſt come from Francc,
But then ſo far from beau——why, he talks ſenſe!
Like coin oft carry'd out, but——ſeldom brought from thence.
There's yet a gang to whom our ſpark ſubmits,
Your elbow ſhaking fool, that lives by's wits,
That's only witty tho', juſt as he lives, by fits.
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs, ſcours away,
Hunts, in the face, a dinner all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'r the play.
And now the modiſh 'prentice, he implores,
Who, with his maſter's caſh, ſtol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of——honourable whores:
While their good bulky mother pleas'd, ſits by,
Bawd regent of the bubble gallery,
Next to our mounted friends, we humbly move,
Who all your ſide-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah friends! poor Dorſet garden-houſe is gone;
Our merry meetings there are all undone:

Quite loſt to us, ſure for ſome ſtrange miſdeeds,
That ſtrong dog Sampſon's pull'd it o'er our heads,
Snaps rope like thread; but when his fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him:
At leaſt, I hope, that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.
Well, that's all! now gentlemen for the play,
On ſecond thoughts, I've but two words to ſay;
Such as it is for your delight deſign'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.

Dramatis Perſonae.

Sir *Harry Wildair*,	An airy gentleman, affecting humorous gaiety and freedom in his behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Standard,	A disbanded colonel, brave and generous.	Mr. *Powel*.
Vizard,	Outwardly pious, otherwiſe a great debauchee, and villainous.	Mr. *Mills*.
Smuggler,	An old merchant.	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Clincher,	A pert London 'prentice turn'd beau, and affecting travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Clincher jun.	His brother, educated in the country.	Mr. *Bullock*.
Dicky,	His man.	Mr. *Norris*.
Tom Errand,	A porter.	Mr. *Haynes*.

W O M E N.

Lurewell,	A lady of a jilting temper, proceeding from a reſentment of her wrongs from men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Lady *Darling*,	An old lady, mother to Angelica.	Mrs. *Powel*.
Angelica,	A woman of honour.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Parley,	Maid to Lurewell.	Mrs. *Moor*.

Conſtable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE, *LONDON*.

THE

CONSTANT COUPLE;

ACT I.

SCENE, *The park.*

Enter Vizard *with a letter, ſervant following.*

Viz. ANGELICA ſend it back unopen'd! ſay you?

Serv. As you ſee, Sir.

Viz. The pride of theſe virtuous women is more inſufferable than the immodeſty of proſtitutes——— after all my encouragement to ſlight me thus!

Serv. She ſaid, Sir, that imagining your morals ſincere, ſhe gave you acceſs to her converſation: but that your late behaviour in her company has convinc'd her, that your love and religion are both hypocriſy, and that ſhe believes your letter like yourſelf, fair on the outſide, foul within; ſo ſent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May obſtinacy guard her beauty till wrinkles bury it; then may deſire prevail to make her curſe that untimely pride that her diſappointed age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very firſt opportunity———ſaw you the old lady Darling, her mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay much in your commendation.

Viz. That's my cue——— an eſteem grafted in old age is hardly rooted out; years ſtiffen their opinions with their bodies, and old zeal is only to be cozen'd by young hypocriſy.——— [*Aſide.*

Run to the lady Lurewell's, and know of her maid, whether her ladyſhip will be at home this evening. Her beauty is ſufficient cure for Angelica's ſcorn.

[*Exit Serv.* Viz. *pulls out a book, reads, and walks about.*

Enter Smugler.

Smug. Ay, there's a pattern for the young men o'th' times, at his meditation ſo early, ſome book of pious ejaculations, I'm ſure.

Viz. This Hobs is an excellent fellow! [*Aſide.*] O uncle Smugler! to find you at this end o'th' town is a miracle.

Smug. I have ſeen a miracle this morning indeed, couſin Vizard.

Viz. What is it, pray, ſir?

Smug. A man at his devotion ſo near the court——— I'm very glad, boy, that you keep your ſanctity untainted in this infectious place; the very air of this park is heatheniſh, and every man's breath I meet ſcents of atheiſm.

Viz. Surely, Sir, ſome great concern muſt bring you to this unſanctify'd end of the town.

Smug. A very unſanctify'd concern, truly couſin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A law-ſuit, boy—ſhall I tell you?———my ſhip the Swan is newly arriv'd from St. Sebaſtian, laden with Portugal wines: now the impudent rogue of a tide-waiter has the face to affirm 'tis French wines in Spaniſh casks, and has indicted me upon the ſtatute——— O conſcience! conſcience! Theſe tide-waiters and ſurveyors plague us more with their French wines, than the war did with French privateers———Ay, there's another plague of the nation.——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red coat and feather.

Viz. Col Standard, I'm your humble ſervant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why ſo?

Stand. Becauſe———I'm diſbanded.

Viz. How? Broke!

Stand. This very morning, in Hide-Park, my brave regiment, a thouſand men that look'd like lions yeſterday, were ſcatter'd, and look'd as poor and ſimple as the herd of deer that graz'd beſide 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*ſinging.*] I'll have a bonfire this night as high as the monument.

Stand. A bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill nature; had not thoſe brave fellows ſwords defended you, your houſe had been a bonfire e'er this about your ears——did we not venture our lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your lives, Sir?——Venture your lives! I'm ſure we ventur'd our money, and that's life and ſoul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your wives ſhall, old Actaeon; there are five and thirty ſtrapping officers gone this morning to live upon free quarter in the city.

Smug. O lord! O lord! I ſhall have a ſon within theſe nine months born with a leading ſtaff in his hand——— Sir, you are———

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all———I ſee my lawyer yonder. [*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very ſorry for your misfortune.

Stand. Why ſo? I don't come to borrow money of you; if you're my friend, meet me this evening at the Rummer, I'll pay my ſoy, drink a health to my king, proſperity to my country; and away for Hungary to-morrow morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A ſoldier ſtay here! To look like an old pair of colours in Weſtminſter-hall, ragged and ruſty? No, no———I met yeſterday a broken Lieutenant, he was aſham'd to own that he wanted a dinner, but begg'd eighteen-pence of me to buy a new ſcabbard for his ſword.

Viz. O, but you have good friends, colonel!

Stand. O, very good friends! My father's a lord, and my elder brother a beau; mighty good friends indeed!

Viz. But your country may perhaps want your ſword agen.

Stand. Nay, for that matter, let but a ſingle drum beat up for volunteers between Ludgate and Charingcroſs, and I ſhall undoubtedly hear it at the walls of Buda.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your fortune at home——make your addreſſes to the

fair, you're a man of honour and courage.

Stand. Ay, my courage is like to do me wondrous ſervice with the fair: this pretty croſs cut over my eye will attract a dutcheſs——I warrant 'twill be a mighty grace to my ogling——had I us'd the ſtratagem of a certain brother Colonel of mine, I might ſucceed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why, to ſave his pretty face for the women, he always turn'd his back upon the enemy.——He was a man of honour for the ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the loves of Mars and Venus will never fail, you muſt get a miſtreſs.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't————you have awaken'd a thought; from which, and the kingdom, I wou'd have ſtoll'n away at once.————To be plain, I have a miſtreſs.

Viz. And ſhe's cruel.

Stand. No.

Viz. Her parents prevent your happineſs.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then ſhe has no fortune.

Stand. A large one; beauty to tempt all mankind, and virtue to beat off their aſſaults. O Vizard! ſuch a creature!

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, *croſſes the Stage ſinging, with Footmen after him.*

Hey-day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The joy of the play-houſe and life of the park; *Sir Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. *Sir Harry Wildair*! Did not he make a campaign in Flanders ſome three or four years ago?

Viz. The ſame.

Stand. Why, he behaved himſelf very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'ſt think bravery and gaiety are inconſiſtent? He's a gentleman of moſt happy circumſtances, born to a plentiful eſtate; has had a genteel and eaſy education, free from the rigidneſs of teachers, and pedantry of ſchools. His florid conſtitution being never ruffled by misfortune, nor ſtinted in its pleaſures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and eaſy to himſelf.——Turning all paſſion into gaiety of humour, by which he

chuſes rather to rejoice with his friends, than be hated by any; as you ſhall ſee.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard*!

Viz. Sir *Harry!*

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the Rubrick ſo long? I thought thy hypocriſy had been wedded to a pulpit-cuſhion long ago—Sir, if I miſtake not your face, your name is Standard.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble ſervant.

Wild. Come, gentlemen, the news, the news o'th' town, for I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the city-end o'th' town we're playing the knave, to get eſtates.

Stand. And in the court end playing the fool, in ſpending 'em.

Wild. Juſt ſo in Paris; I'm glad we're grown ſo modiſh.

Viz. We are ſo reform'd, that gallantry is taken for vice.

Stand. And hypocriſy for religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris*; agen.

Viz. Not one whore between Ludgate and Aldgate.

Stand. But ten times more cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an oath in the city.

Stand. That's a miſtake; for my major ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt night to a merchant's wife in her bedchamber.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, this is trifling; tell me news, gentlemen. What lord has lately broke his fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his heart at New-Market, for the loſs of a race? What wife has been lately ſuing in Doctors-Commons for alimony? or, what daughter run away with her father's valet? What beau gave the nobleſt ball at the Bath, or had the fineſt coach in the ring? I want news, gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no news at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us ſome news of your travels.

Wild. With all my heart—you muſt know then, I went over to Amſterdam in a Dutch ſhip: I there had a Dutch whore for five ſtivers: I went from thence to Lan-

den, where I was heartily drub'd in the battle with the but-end of a Swiſs musket. I thence went to Paris, where I had half a dozen intrigues, bought half a dozen new ſuits, fought a couple of duels, and here I am agen *in ſtatu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the tour of Italy; what brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the world, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a woman.

Stand. What! quit the pleaſures of travel for a woman!

Wild. Ay, colonel, for ſuch a woman! I had rather ſee her ruell than the palace of Lewis le Grand: there's more glory in her ſmile, than in the jubilee at Rome, and I wou'd rather kiſs her hand than the Pope's toe.

Viz. You, colonel, have been very laviſh in the beauty and virtue of your miſtreſs; and Sir Harry here, has been no leſs eloquent in the praiſe of his. Now will I lay you both ten guineas a-piece, that neither of them is ſo pretty, ſo witty, or ſo virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the ſtakes——but, gentlemen, now I think on't, how ſhall we be reſolv'd? For I know not where my miſtreſs may be found; ſhe left Paris about a month before me, and I had an account———

Stand. How, Sir! left Paris about a month before you?

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an account that ſhe lodg'd ſomewhere in St. James's.

Viz. How! ſomewhere in St. James's, ſay you?

Wild. Ay, Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her name, pray, Sir Harry.

Viz. Ay, ay, her name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her name! Ay,——ſhe has the ſofteſt, whiteſt hand that e'er was made of fleſh and blood, her lips ſo balmy ſweet——

Stand. But her name, Sir.

Wild. Then her neck and breaſt;——her breaſts do ſo heave, ſo heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her name, Sir, her quality.

Wild. Then her ſhape, colonel.

Stand. But her name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her eyes, Vizard!

Stand. 'Pſhaw, Sir Harry, her name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you muſt have it, ſhe's call'd the lady ——but then her foot, gentlemen, ſhe dances to a miracle. Vizard, you have certainly loſt your wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly loſt your ſenſes; we ſhall never diſcover the picture, unleſs you ſubſcribe the name.

Wild. Then her name is Lurewell.

Stand. 'Sdeath, my miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*

Viz. My miſtreſs, by Jupiter. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Do you know her, gentlemen?

Stand. I have ſeen her, Sir.

Wild. Can'ſt tell where ſhe lodges? Tell me, dear colonel.

Stand. Your humble ſervant, Sir. [*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. [*Runs out.*

Viz. The lady Lurewell, his miſtreſs! He loves her. But ſhe loves me,—but he's a baronet, and I plain Vizard; he has a coach and ſix, and I walk a foot; I was bred in London, and he in Paris; —— that very circumſtance has murder'd me——then ſome ſtratagem muſt be laid to divert his pretenſions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, Dick, what makes the colonel ſo out of humour?

Viz. Becauſe he's out of pay, I ſuppoſe.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to miſtruſt ſome rivalſhip in the caſe.

Viz. And ſuppoſe there were, you know the colonel can fight, Sir Harry.

Wild. Fight! 'Pſhaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a woman, Vizard! 'Slife, man, if ladies were to be gain'd by ſword and piſtol only, what the devil ſhould all we beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aſide*]. But wou'd not you, Sir Harry, fight for this woman you ſo much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me conſider. I love her—that's true; ——but then I love honeſt Sir Harry Wildair better. The lady Lurewell is divinely charming———right——

but then a thruſt i'th'guts, or a Middleſex Jury, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous caſt for a beau baronet to be tried by a parcel of greaſy, grumbling, bartering boobies, who wou'd hang you purely becauſe you are a gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have money enough to bribe the rogues with: ſo upon mature deliberation, I wou'd fight for her.——— But no more of her. Prithee, Vizard, can't you recommend a friend to a pretty miſtreſs by the by, till I can find my own? You have ſtore, I'm ſure; you cunning poaching dogs make ſurer game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good Vizard.

Viz. Let me conſider a little.———Now love and revenge inſpire my politicks. [*Aſide.*

[*Pauſes whilſt Sir* Harry *walks ſinging.*

Wild. 'Pſhaw! thou'rt as long ſtudying for a new miſtreſs, as a drawer is piercing a new pipe.

Viz. I deſign a new pipe for you, and wholſome wine; you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Wild. Ha! ſay'ſt thou, dear Vizard.

Viz. A girl of ſixteen, Sir Harry.

Wild. Now ſixteen thouſand bleſſings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her name, Vizard.

Viz. Her name! yes,——— ſhe has the ſofteſt whiteſt hand that e'er was made of fleſh and blood, her lips ſo balmy ſweet———

Wild. Well, well, but where ſhall I find her, man?

Viz. Find her!—but then her foot, Sir Harry; ſhe dances to a miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't diſtract me.

Viz. Well then, you muſt know, that this lady is the greateſt beauty in town; her name's Angelica: ſhe that paſſes for her mother is a private bawd, and call'd the lady Darling; ſhe goes for a baronet's lady, (no diſparagement to your honour, Sir Harry) I aſſure you.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, hang my honour; but what ſtreet, what houſe?

Viz. Not ſo faſt, Sir Harry; you muſt have my paſſport for your admittance, and you'll find my recommendati-

on in a line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I ſuppoſe 20 or 30 pieces handſomely plac'd, will gain the point; I'll enſure her ſound.

Wild. Thou deareſt friend to a man in neceſſity.——— Here, Sirrah, order my coach about to St. James's, I'll walk acroſs the park. [*To his ſervant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my coach about to St. James's, I'll walk acroſs the park too———

Mr. Vizard, your moſt devoted ———— Sir, [to Wildair] I admire the mode of your ſhoulder-knot.

Methinks it hangs very emphatically and carries an air of travel in it;

Your ſword-knot too is moſt ornamentally modiſh,
And bears a foreign mien.
Gentlemen, my brother is juſt arrived in town,
So that being upon the wing to kiſs his hands,
I hope you'll pardon this abrupt departure, of
Gentlemen, your moſt devoted, and moſt faithful humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Prithee doſt know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis Clincher, who was apprentice to my uncle Smuggler, the merchant in the city.

Wild. What makes him ſo gay!

Viz. Why he's in mourning.

Wild. In mourning!

Viz. Yes, for his father, the kind old man in Hertfordſhire t'other day broke his neck a foxhunting;
The ſon upon the news has broke his indentures;
Whip'd from behind the counter into the ſide-box,
Forſwears merchandiſe, where he muſt live by cheating,
And uſurps gentility, where he may die by raking.
He keeps his coach and liveries, brace of geldings,
Leaſh of miſtreſſes, talks of nothing but wines,
Intrigues, plays, faſhions, and going to the Jubilee.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of pulvil muſt the fellow uſe in ſweetning himſelf from the ſmell of hops and tobacco?

Faugh—I'my conſcience methought,
Like Olivia's lover, he ſtunk of Thames-ſtreet.

But now for Angelica, that's her name:
We'll to the prince's chocolate-houſe,
Where you ſhall write my paſsport, Allons. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Lady Lurewell's lodgings.

Lurewell and her maid Parly.

Lure. Parly, my pocket-book—let me ſee—Madrid, Venice, Paris, London! —Ay, London! They may talk What they will of the hot countries, but I find love Moſt fruitful under this climate —in a month's ſpace, Have I gain'd—let me ſee, Imprimis, colonel Standard.

Par. And how will your ladyſhip manage him?

Lure. As all ſoldiers ſhould be manag'd, he ſhall ſerve me till I gain my ends, then I'll disband him.

Par. But he loves you, madam.

Lure. Therefore I ſcorn him;
I hate all that don't love me, and ſlight all that do:
Would his whole deluding ſex admir'd me.
Thus wou'd I ſlight them all;
My virgin and unwary innocence
Was wrong'd by faithleſs man,
But now glance eyes, plot brain, diſſemble face,
Lye tongue, and be a ſecond Eve to tempt, ſeduce, and Damn the treacherous kind.———
Let me ſurvey my captives.———
The colonel leads the van; next Mr. Vizard,
He courts me out of the Practice of Piety,
Therefore is a hypocrite:
Then Clincher, he adores me with orangeree,
And is conſequently a fool;
Then my old merchant, Alderman Smuggler,
He's a compound of both;——out of which medley of Lovers, if I don't make good diverſion——— What d'ye think, Parly?

Par. I think, madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your ſervice,
If you teach me all thoſe tricks that you uſe to your lovers.

Lure. You're a fool, child! obſerve this, that tho' a woman ſwear, forſwear, lie, diſſemble, backbite, be proud,

vain, malicious, any thing, if ſhe ſecures the main chance, ſhe's ſtill virtuous; that's a maxim.

Par. I can't be perſuaded tho', madam, but that you really lov'd Sir Harry Wildair in Paris.

Lure. Of all the lovers I ever had, he was my greateſt plague, for I cou'd never make him uneaſy; I left him involv'd in a duel upon my account: I long to know, whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O lord! no ſooner talk of killing, but the ſoldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard duty, colonel, to ſerve your king, your country, and a miſtreſs too.

Stand. The latter, I muſt confeſs, is the hardeſt; for in war, madam, we can be reliev'd in our duty; but in love, who wou'd take our poſt, is our enemy; emulation in glory is tranſporting, but rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Thoſe that bear away the prize in the field, ſhould boaſt the ſame ſucceſs in the bed chamber; and I think, conſidering the weakneſs of our ſex, we ſhou'd make thoſe our companions who can be our champions.

Stand. I once, madam, hop'd the honour of defending you from all injuries thro' a title to your lovely perſon, but now my love muſt attend my fortune. My commiſſion, madam, was my paſſport to the fair; adding a nobleneſs to my paſſion, it ſtampt a value in my love; 'twas once the life of honour, but now its winding-ſheet, and with it muſt my love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. Parly.

Par. Faugh, the nauſeous fellow! he ſtinks of poverty already. [*Aſide.*

Lure. His misfortune troubles me, 'cauſe it may prevent my deſigns. [*Aſide.*

Stand. I'll chuſe, madam, rather to deſtroy my paſſion by abſence abroad, then have it ſtarv'd at home.

Lure. I'm ſorry, Sir, you have ſo mean an opinion of my affection, as to imagine it founded upon your fortune. And to convince you of your miſtake, here I vow by all that's ſacred, I own the ſame affection now as before. Let it ſuffice, my fortune is conſiderable.

Stand. No, madam, no; I'll never be a charge to her I love! The man that ſells himſelf for gold, is the worſt of proſtitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other creature but a man, I cou'd love him. [*Aſide.*

Stand. This only laſt requeſt I make, that no title recommend a fool, no office introduce a knave, nor coat a coward to my place in your affections; ſo farewell my country, and adieu my love. [*Exit.*

Lure. Now the devil take thee for being ſo honourable; here, Parly, call him back, I ſhall loſe half my diverſion elſe. Now for a trial of skill. [*Re-enter* colonel.
Sir, I hope you'll pardon my curioſity:
When do you take your journey?

Stand. To morrow morning, early, madam.

Lure. So ſuddenly! which way are you deſign'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet reſolve on.

Lure. Pray Sir, tell me, pray Sir; I intreat you; why are you ſo obſtinate?

Stand. Why are you ſo curious, madam?

Lure. Becauſe———

Stand. What!

Lure. Becauſe, I, I,———

Stand. Becauſe! What madam?—pray tell me.

Lure. Becauſe I deſign to follow. [*Crying.*

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before.
But ſuch love from ſuch a creature
Might ſwell the vanity of the proudeſt prince.
Follow me! By heavens thou ſhalt not.
What! expoſe thee to the hazards of a camp———
Rather I'll ſtay, and here
Bear the contempt of fools, and worſt of fortune.

Lure. You need not, ſhall not, my eſtate for both is ſufficient.

Stand. Thy eſtate! No, I'll turn a knave, and purchaſe one my ſelf; I'll cringe to the proud man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to death; I'll tip my tongue with flattery, and ſmooth my face with ſmiles; I'll turn pimp, informer, office-broker, nay ow-

ard, to be great; and ſacrifice it all to thee, my generous fair.

Lure. And I'll diſſemble, lye, ſwear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy love, and recompenſe thy noble paſſion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha; poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiſs her hand than the Pope's toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir Harry, colonel, What Sir Harry!

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, madam.

Lure. What? Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a ſyllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his miſtreſs, and pretending to be extravagant in your commendation, would vainly inſinuate the praiſe of his own judgment and good fortune in a choice.———

Lure. How eaſily is the vanity of fops tickled by our ſex!

Stand. Why, your ſex is the vanity of fops.

Lure. O' my conſcience, I believe ſo; this gentleman, becauſe he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a partner at a ball in Paris, and ever ſince he has ſo perſecuted me with letters, ſongs, dances, ſerenading, flattery, foppery, and noiſe, that I was forc'd to fly the kingdom——and I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, madam, I was little uneaſie.

Lure. You ſhall have a plentiful revenge; I'll ſend him back all his fooliſh letters, ſongs and verſes, and you your ſelf ſhall carry 'em; 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther impertinence; for of all men he's my averſion. I'll run and fetch them inſtantly.

Stand. Dear madam, a rare project! How ſhall I bait him like Actaeon with his own dogs——well, Mrs. Parly, 'tis order'd by act of parliament, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. Parly.———

Par. 'Tis provided by the ſame act, that you ſend no more meſſages by me, good colonel; you muſt not pretend to ſend any more letters, unleſs you can pay the poſtage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take example by your lady, be honourable.

Par. A lack a day, Sir, it ſhews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our betters in their honour, as in their finery; leave honour to nobility that can ſupport it: we poor folks, colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your honour ſhou'd be caſhier'd with your leading-ſtaff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greateſt curſes of poverty, to be the jeſt of chambermaids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the packet, colonel; the whole magazine of love's artillery. [*Gives him the packet.*

Stand. Which ſince I have gain'd, I will turn upon the enemy; madam, I'll bring you the news of my victory this evening. Poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about as you were, march, colonel! Ha, ha, ha.

Vain man, who boaſts of ſtudy'd parts and wiles!
Nature in us, your deepeſt art beguiles,
Stamping deep cunning in our frowns and ſmiles.
You toil for art, your intellects you trace;
Woman, without a thought, bears policy in her face.

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior's lodgings.*

Enter Clincher *opening a letter, ſervant following.*

Clin.—reads. Dear brother,

I *Will ſee you preſently; I have ſent this lad to wait on you, he can inſtruct you in the faſhions of the town; I am your affectionate brother,*

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your name, Sir?

Dick. My name is Dicky, Sir.

Clin *Dicky*!

Dick Ay, Dicky, Sir.

Clin Very well, a pretty name! And what can you do, Mr. Dicky?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a wig, and pick up a whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A whore! Why are there many whores in this town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many whores? there's a queſtion indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred ſurgeons in town.—Hark'e, Sir, do you ſee that woman there in the velvet ſcarf, and red knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why, ſhe ſhall be at your ſervice in three minutes, as I'm a pimp.

Clin. O Jupiter Ammon! Why ſhe's a gentlewoman!

Dick A gentlewoman! Why ſo are all the whores in town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. ſen. Brother, you're welcome to London!

Clin. jun. I thought, brother, you ow'd ſo much to the memory of my father, as to wear mourning for his death.

Clin. ſen. Why ſo I do, fool; I wear this becauſe I have the eſtate, and you wear that, becauſe you have not the eſtate. You have cauſe to mourn indeed, brother. Well, brother, I'm glad to ſee you, fare you well. [*Going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, ſtay, brother, where are you going?

Clin. ſen. How natural 'tis for a country-booby to ask impertinent queſtions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my ſorrow.

Clin. ſen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young powder'd extravagant Engliſh heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. ſen. Why then, Sir, you may be ſure that I am going to the Jubilee, Sir.

Clin. jun. Jubilee! What's that?

Clin. ſen. Jubilee! Why the Jubilee is—faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the Jubilee is the ſame thing with our

lord mayor's day in the city; there will be pageants, and ſquibbs, and raree-ſhows, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And muſt you go ſo ſoon, brother?

Clin. ſen. Yes, Sir, for I muſt ſtay a month in Amſterdam, to ſtudy poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I ſuppoſe, brother, you travel through Muſcovy to learn faſhions, don't you, brother?

Clin. ſen. Brother! Prithee, Robin, don't call me brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O Jupiter Ammon! Why ſo?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe people will imagine that you have a ſpight at me——but have you ſeen your couſin Angelica yet, and her mother the lady Darling?

Clin. jun. No, my dancing-maſter has not been with me yet: how ſhall I ſalute them brother?

Clin. ſen. 'Pſhaw, that's eaſie, 'tis only two ſcrapes, a kiſs, and your humble ſervant; I'll tell you more when I come from the Jubilee: come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *lady* Darling's *houſe.*

Enter Wildair *with a letter.*

Wild. *Like light and heat incorporate we lay,*
We bleſt the night, and curſt the coming day.

Well, if this paper-kite flies ſure, I'm ſecure of my game——Humph! The prettieſt bordel I have ſeen, a very ſtately genteel one. [*Footmen croſs the ſtage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a bawd by the curteſy, and a whore with a coat of arms.—'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've miſtaken the houſe.

Enter lady Darling.

No, this muſt be the bawd by her bulk.

Darl. Your buſineſs, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleaſure, madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no buſineſs here.

Wild. This letter, madam, will inform you farther; Mr. Vizard ſent it, with his humble ſervice to your ladyſhip.

Darl. How does my couſin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her couſin too, that's right procureſs agen.

Darl. read. Madam,

Earneſt inclination to ſerve—Sir Harry——*Madam*——*Court my Couſin*——*Gentleman*——*Fortune*——

Your ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant.

VIZARD.

Sir, Your fortune and quality are ſufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the recommendation of ſo ſober and pious a young gentleman as my couſin Vizard.

Wild. A right ſanctify'd bawd o' my word. [*Aſide.*

Darl. Sir Harry, your converſation with Mr. Vizard argues you a gentleman, free from the looſe and vicious carriage of the town; I'll therefore call my daughter. [*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illuſtrious bawd of Babylon——ſhe dreſſes up a ſin ſo religiouſly, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray daughter uſe him civilly, ſuch matches won't offer every day.

Wild. O all ye powers of love! An angel! 'Sdeath, what money have I got in my pocket! I can't offer her leſs than twenty guineas——and by Jupiter ſhe's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very ſame! And his perſon as agreeable as his character of good humour——pray heav'n his ſilence proceed from reſpect.

Wild. How innocent ſhe looks! How would that modeſty adorn virtue, when it makes even vice look ſo charming!——by heav'n there's ſuch a commanding innocence in her looks, that I dare not ask the queſtion.

Angel. Now all the charms of real love and feign'd indifference aſſiſt me to engage his heart, for mine is loſt already.

Wild. Madam—I, I—zoons, I cannot ſpeak to her—but ſhe's a whore, and I will—madam, in ſhort, I, I—O hypocriſy, hypocriſy, what a charming ſin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to ſecure my conqueſt—I thought, Sir, you had buſineſs to communicate.

Wild. Buſineſs to communicate! How nicely ſhe words it! Yes, madam I have a little buſineſs to communicate. Don't you love ſinging birds, madam?

Angel. That's an odd queſtion for a lover——yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, madam, here is a neſt of the prettieſt goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a cage; twenty young ones, I aſſure you, madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, madam, there are—twenty young ones——'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, ſure——Sir Harry, when you have learn'd more wit and manners, you ſhall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and manners! I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of wit and manners in twenty guineas——I'm ſure 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at preſent. What ſhall I do?

Enter Clincher *junior and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another couſin, I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen guineas inſtantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours upon my honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe London ſparks are plaguy impudent! This fellow, by his wig and aſſurance, can be no leſs than a courtier.

Dick. He's rather a courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch. jun. Faith, Sir, I han't above five guineas about me.

Wild. What buſineſs have you here then, Sir? For to my knowledge twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What Sir! Why, for that Sir, what the Devil ſhould it be, Sir; I know your buſineſs notwithſtanding all your gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My buſineſs! Why my couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your couſin does lives here, and Vizard's couſin, and every body's couſin—— Hark'e, Sir, I ſhall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your throat, raſcal. [*Exit.*

Clin. jun. Why the man's mad, ſure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a beau.

Clin. jun. A beau! What's that? are all madmen beaux?

Dick. No, Sir; but moſt beaux are madmen. But now for your couſin: remember your three ſcraps, a kiſs, and your humble ſervant. [Exeunt, *as into the houſe.*

SCENE, *the ſtreet.*

Enter Wildair, *colonel following.*

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry.

Wild. I'm in haſte, colonel; beſides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the park this morning, your company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy man, Sir Harry, who are never out of humour: can nothing move your gall, Sir Harry.

Wild. Nothing but impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

Stand. What impoſſibilities?

Wild. The reſurrection of my father to diſinherit me, or an act of parliament againſt wenching; a man of eight thouſand pound per annum to be vext! No, no, anger and ſpleen are companions for younger brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you ſon of a whore behind your back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him raſcal behind his back, ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a miſtreſs.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the woman you love, that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild. You're miſtaken, colonel; my love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary; 'tis only a pitch of gratitude; while ſhe loves me, I love her; when ſhe deſiſts, the obligation's void.

Stand. But to be miſtaken in your opinion, Sir; if the

lady Lurewell (only ſuppoſe it) had diſcarded you—I ſay, only ſuppoſe it—and had ſent your diſcharge by me.

Wild. 'Pſhaw! that's another impoſſibility.

Stand. Are you ſure of that?

Wild. Why, 'twere a ſoleciſm in nature. Why ſhe's a rib of me, Sir. She dances with me, ſings with me, plays with me, ſwears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How, Sir?

Wild. I mean in an honourable way; that is, ſhe lies for me. In ſhort, we are as like one another as a couple of guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the higheſt pinnacle of vanity, will I give you ſo mortifying a fall, as ſhall daſh your hopes to pieces.—I pray your honour to peruſe theſe papers. [*Gives him the packet.*

Wild. What is't, the muſter-roll of your regiment, colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a liſt of your forces in your laſt love campaign; and, for your comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good metaphorical colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; theſe are the ſibyls leaves that will unfold your deſtiny.

Wild. So it be not a falſe deed to cheat me of my eſtate, what care I.—[*Opening the packet.*] Humph! my hand! To the lady Lurewell,——to the lady Lurewell,——to the lady Lurewell,——what the Devil haſt thou been tampering with, to conjure up theſe ſpirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your acquaintance, Sir, read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*]—Madam, my paſſion—ſo natural—your beauty contending——force of charms—mankind—eternal admirer Wildair! I ne'er was aſham'd of my name before.

Stand. What, Sir Harry Wildair out of humour! ha, ha, ha, poor Sir Harry; more glory in her ſmile than in the Jubilee at Rome, ha, ha, ha! But then her foot, Sir Harry, ſhe dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! fie, Sir Harry, a man of your parts write letters not worth keeping! What ſay'ſt thou, my dear knight errant? ha, ha, ha!

you may ſeek adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*ſinging.*] No, no, let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are jilted to ſome tune, Sir, blown up with falſe muſick, that's all.

Wild. Now, why ſhould I be angry that a woman is a woman? Since inconſtancy and falſhood are grounded in their natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they muſt be grounded in your nature; for ſhe's a rib of you, Sir Harry.

Wild. Here's a copy of verſes too; I muſt turn Poet in the Devil's name.—Stay—'Sdeath, what's here? This is her hand—Oh the charming characters! *My dear* Wildair. [*Reading.*] That's I egad! *this huff bluff colonel*—that's he—*is the rareſt fool in nature*—— the Devil he is!—*and as ſuch have I us'd him*——with all my heart, faith,——— *I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in St.* James's *near the* holy lamb. *Lurewell.* Colonel, I'm your moſt humble ſervant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you ſha'n't go yet; I ha'n't deliver'd half my meſſage.

Wild. Upon my faith but you have, colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your ſpleen; out with it; I know you're like to burſt.

Wild. I am ſo, 'e Gad, ha, ha, ha.

[*Laugh and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha.
Well, Well, that's forc'd Sir Harry.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my life, by Jupiter.

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, 'tis prudence to hide your concern, when there's no help for't——: but to be ſerious now. The lady has ſent you back all your papers there—I was ſo juſt as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were ſome things that I would not have you ſee.

Stand. All this ſhe has done for my ſake, and I deſire you would decline any farther pretenſions for your own ſake. So honeſt, good-natur'd Sir Harry, I'm your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor colonel! O the delight of an ingenious miſtreſs! what a life and briſkneſs it adds to an

amour, like the loves of mighty Jove, ſtill ſuing in different ſhapes. A Legerdemain miſtreſs, who, Præſto! Paſs! and ſhe's vaniſh'd, then Hey! in an inſtant in your arms again. [*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir Harry; what news from the Iſland of love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a broken voyage by your chart; but now I am bound for another port; I told you the colonel was my rival.

Viz. The colonel! curs'd misfortune! another! [*Aſide.*

Wild. But the civileſt in the world; he brought me word where my miſtreſs lodges: the ſtory's too long to tell you now, for I muſt fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all thoughts of Angelica?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her ſome other time. But now for the lady Lurewell; wit and beauty calls.

That miſtreſs ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whoſe wit can whet, whene'er her beauty cloys.
Her little amorous frauds all truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd ſo well. [*Exit.*

Viz. ſolus—The colonel my rival too! how ſhall I manage? There is but one way—him and the knight will I ſet a tilting, where one cuts t'other's throat, and the ſurvivor's hang'd: ſo there will be two rivals pretty decently diſpos'd of. Since honour may oblige them to play the fool, why ſhould not neceſſity engage me to play the knave. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *lodgings.*

Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Has my ſervant brought me the money from my merchant?

Par. No, madam, he met Alderman Smuggler at Charing-croſs, who has promis'd to wait on you himſelf immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old rogue ſhou'd pretend to love me, and at the ſame time cheat me of my money.

Par. 'Tis well, madam, if he don't cheat you of your eſtate; for you ſay, the writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what ſatisfaction can I get of him? Oh! here he comes.

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your ſervant; have you brought me any money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the taxes, raiſing the cuſtoms, loſſes at ſea abroad, and maintaining our wives at home, the bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, theſe evaſions won't ſerve your turn; I muſt have money, Sir——I hope you don't deſign to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, madam! have a care what you ſay: I'm an alderman, madam! cheat you, madam! I have been an honeſt citizen theſe five and thirty years!

Lure. An honeſt citizen! bear witneſs, Parly! I ſhall trap him in more lies preſently.——Come, Sir, tho' I am woman, I can take a courſe.

Smug. What courſe, madam? You'll go to law, will ye? I can maintain a ſuit of law, be it right or wrong theſe forty years, I'm ſure of that, thanks to the honeſt practice of the courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blaſt your reputation, and ſo ruin your credit.

Smug. Blaſt my reputation! he, he, he: why, I'm a religious man, madam! I have been very inſtrumental in the reformation of manners: ruin my credit! ah, poor woman. There is but one way, madam,——you have a ſweet leering eye.

Lure. You inſtrumental in the reformation! How?

Smug. *I whipt all the whores, cut and long tail, out of the pariſh*—ah! that leering eye! *Then I voted for pulling down the playhouſe:*——ah! that ogle, that ogle——*then my own pious example:*——Ah! that lip, that lip!

Lure. Here's a religious rogue for you now!——As I hope to be ſav'd, I have a good mind to beat the old

monſter.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty guineas, (a great deal of money as times go) and—

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah! that hand, that hand, that pretty ſoft, white———I have brought it, you ſee; but the condition of the obligation is ſuch, that whereas that leering eye, that pouting lip, that pretty ſoft hand, that—you underſtand me; you underſtand, I'm ſure you do, you little rogue———

Lure. Here's a villain now, ſo covetous, that he won't wench upon his own coſt, but would bribe me with my own money. I'll be reveng'd—— upon my word, Mr. Alderman, you make me bluſh; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, madam.

[*Puts a piece of money in his mouth.*]

Buſs and guinea, buſs and guinea, buſs and guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have ſuch pretty winning ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to ſecure both our honours; you muſt therefore be diſguis'd Mr. Alderman.

Smug. 'Pſhaw! no matter, I am an old fornicator, I'm not half ſo religious as I ſeem to be. You little rogue; why, I'm diſguis'd as I am; our ſanctity is all outſide, all hypocriſy.

Lure. No man is ſeen to come into this houſe after night-fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in woman's cloaths.

Smug. With all my heart!—I have a ſuit a purpoſe, my little cocket: I love to be diſguis'd, I cod, I make a very handſom woman, I cod I do.

Enter ſervant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into next room? here are ſome ſtrangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and guinea firſt; ah, my little cocket.

[*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My life, my ſoul, my all that heaven can give.*

Lure. *Death's life with thee, without thee death to live.*

Welcome my dear Sir Harry, I ſee you got my directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming manner, thou dear Machiavel of intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The ſight of you, madam, exalts my air, and makes joy lighten in my face.

Lure. I have a thouſand queſtions to ask you, Sir Harry; how d'ye like France?

Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau Pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, vous voyez que je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je vous ſuis fort obligee—but; where's the court now?

Wild. At Marli, madam.

Lure. And where my count La Valier?

Wild. His body's in the church of Noſtre Dame, I don't know where his ſoul is.

Lure. What diſeaſe did he die of?

Wild. A duel, madam; I was his doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure. En Cavalier, my dear knight-errant, well, and how, and how; what intrigues, what gallantries are carrying on in the *beau monde*!

Wild. I ſhou'd ask you that queſtion, madam, ſince your ladyſhip makes the *beau monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir Harry, I've been almoſt ruin'd, peſter'd to death here, by the inceſſant attacks of a mighty colonel; he has beſieg'd me as cloſe as our army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your ladyſhip did not ſurrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but ſince you are come to raiſe the ſiege, we'll dance, and ſing, and laugh.

Wild. And love and kiſs——*Montrez moy votre chambre.*

Lure. Attende, attende, un peu——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in Paris never to ask that impertinent queſtion agen.

Wild. 'Pſhaw, madam, that was above two months ago; beſides, madam, treaties made in France are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *Le marriage eſt une grand mal.*——but I will mary you.

Lure. Your word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a gentleman will forfeit his honour in dealings of buſineſs, we may reaſonably ſuſpect his fidelity in an amour.

Wild. My honour in dealings of buſineſs! why, madam, I never had any buſineſs all my life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd ſtory, and am ſorry that a gentleman of your figure ſhou'd undergo the ſcandal.

Wild. Out with it, madam.

Lure. Why, the merchant, Sir, that tranſmitted your bills of exchange to you in France, complains of ſome indirect and diſhonourable dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler!

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have ſome reaſon, I think; why the rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pound within theſe three years.

Lure. 'Tis your buſineſs then to acquit your ſelf publickly; for he ſpreads the ſcandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my ſelf publickly!——here, Sirrah, my coach; I'll drive inſtantly into the city, and cane the old villain round the Royal Exchange; he ſhall run the gauntlet through a thouſand bruſht beavers and formal cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the houſe now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this houſe?

Lure. Ay, in the next room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raiſe a diſturbance in my houſe?

Wild. Diſturbance, madam, no, no, I'll beat him with the temper of a philoſopher; here, Mrs. Parly, ſhew me the gentleman. [Exit *with* Parly.

Lure. Now ſhall I get the old monſter well beaten, and Sir Harry peſter'd next term with blood-ſheds, batteries, coſts and damages, ſolicitors and attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never plot agen. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another room in the ſame houſe.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd tide-waiter! A ſhip and cargo worth five thouſand pound! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your moſt devoted and humble ſervant.

Smug. My beſt friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll aſſure you, Sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I'm gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. [*Bowing very low.*]

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a buſineſs, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by——I am very ſorry that I am forc'd to be troubleſome; but neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay, neceſſity—but upon my word, Sir, I am very ſhort of money at preſent, but——

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an obligation that way; but the buſineſs is, I'm reduc'd to an indiſpenſible neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a beating——here take this cudgel.

Smug. A beating, Sir Harry! ha, ha, ha; I beat a knight baronet! an Alderman turn cudgel-player! ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. 'Pſhaw, 'pſhaw, you jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis ſure as fate: ſo, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curioſity. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your curioſity, Sir; what d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jeſt; but a man might imagine by the ſmartneſs of the ſtroak, that you were in downright earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the leaſt indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your jeſts; for they are the bluntest jeſts that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is ſatisfaction enough from a gentleman: but ſeriouſly now, if you paſs any more of your jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permiſſion to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*

Smug. O Lord Sir, you'll break my bones: are you mad, Sir? Murder, felony, manſlaughter.

[Wild. *knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thouſand pardons; but I am abſolutely compell'd to't, upon my honour: Sir, nothing can be more averſe to my inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt, dear, loving, obliged friend, the Alderman.

(*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his pocket-book on the floor*; Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*)

Lure. The old rogue's pocket-book; this may be of uſe. (*Aſide*) O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.———

Smug. O dear, madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good earneſt.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, Senior--*Frappez, Frappez.*

Smug. O! for charity's ſake, madam, reſcue a poor citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous man! Hold! hold! *Frappez, plus rudement,*

Frappez. I wonder you are not aſham'd, (*Holding* Wild. A poor reverend honeſt elder——(*Helps* Smug. up. It makes me weep to ſee him in this condition, poor man!

Now the Devil take you, Sir Harry—for not beating him harder: well, my dear, you ſhall come at night, and I'll make you amends. *Here Sir* Harry *takes ſnuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the place.

Sir, how durſt you uſe me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that I will have ſatisfaction.

Wild. With all my heart. (*Throws ſnuff into his eyes.*

Smug. O! murder, blindneſs, fire; O madam, madam, get me ſome water, water, fire, fire, water.

(*Exit with* Lurewell.

Wild. How pleaſant is reſenting an injury without paſſion! 'Tis the beauty of revenge.

Let ſtatſemen plot, and under buſineſs groan,
And ſettling publick quiet loſe their own;
Let ſoldiers drudge and fight for pay, or fame,
For when they're ſhot, I think 'tis much the ſame.
Let ſcholars vex their brains with mood and tenſe,
And mad with ſtrength of reaſon, fools commence,
Loſing their wits in ſearching after ſenſe;
Their Summum Bonum *they muſt toil to gain,*
And ſeeking pleaſure, ſpend their life in pain:
I make the moſt of life, no hour miſpend,
Pleaſure's the mean, and pleaſure is my end.
No ſpleen, no trouble ſhall my time deſtroy,
Life's but a ſpan, I'll every inch enjoy. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE, *the ſtreet.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him word where ſhe lodg'd! I the civileſt rival in the world! 'Tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no farther, Sir.
I only thought, Sir, that my character in the world might add authority to my words without ſo many repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear Vizard.
Our belief ſtruggles hard before it can be brought to yield to the diſadvantage of what we love;
'Tis ſo great an abuſe to our judgment, that it makes the faults of our choice our own failing.
But what ſaid Sir Harry?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous colonel, laugh'd heartily,

Flew away with all the raptures of a bridegroom, repeating theſe lines.

A miſtreſs ne'er can pall her lover's joys,
Whoſe wit can whet whene'er her beauty cloys.

Stand. A miſtreſs ne'er can pall! By all my wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their property. Vengeance! Vizard, you muſt carry a note for me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What! a challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight!

Stand. What! Wear the livery of my king, and pocket an affront! 'Twere an abuſe to his ſacred majeſty; a ſoldier's ſword, Vizard, ſhould ſtart of it ſelf to redreſs it's maſter's wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch meſſage between friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a ſervant here, what ſhall I do?

Viz. There's Tom errand, the porter, that plies at the blue-poſts, one who knows Sir Harry, and his haunts very well; you may ſend a note by him.

Stand. Here you, friend.

Viz. I have now ſome buſineſs, and muſt take my leave, I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this affair.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a man of an honourable revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a wife, but never value him as a friend.

Viz. Nay the Devil take him that parts you! ſay I.

Enter porter running.

Err. Did your honour call a porter?

Stand. Is your name Tom Errand?

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your worſhip———

Stand. D'ye know Sir Harry Wildair?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my beſt maſters; many a round half crown have I had of his worſhip, he's newly come home from France, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next coffee-houſe, and wait for me. O woman, woman, how bleſt is man, when favour'd by your ſmiles, and how accurs'd when all thoſe ſmiles are

found but wanton baits to ſooth us to deſtruction.

Thus our chief joys with baſe allays are curſt,
And our beſt things, when once corrupted, worſt. [Exit.

Enter Wildair *and* Clincher *ſenior following.*

Clinch. ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome buſineſs of importance to communicate to you, I wou'd beg your attention to a trifling affair that I wou'd impart to your underſtanding.

Wild. What is your trifling buſineſs of importance, pray ſweet Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Pray, Sir, are the roads deep between this and Paris.

Wild. Why that queſtion, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Becauſe I deſign to go to the Jubilee, Sir; I underſtand that you are a traveller, Sir; there is an air of travel in the tie of your cravat, Sir; there is indeed, Sir——I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this lace in Flanders.

Wild. No, Sir, this lace was made in Norway.

Clinch. ſen. Norway, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the ſhavings of deal-boards.

Clinch. ſen. That's very ſtrange now, faith——— lace made of the ſhavings of deal-boards! I Gad, Sir, you travellers ſee very ſtrange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a cravat of the very ſame lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what preparations have you made for your journey?

Clinch. ſen. A caſe of pocket-piſtols for the bravo's—— and a ſwimming girdle.

Wild. Why theſe, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you——ſuppoſe us in Rome now; away go I to ſome ball——for I'll be a mighty beau. Then as I ſaid, I go to ſome ball, or ſome bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know——then comes a fine Italian Bona Roba, and plucks me by the ſleeve, Seigniour Angle, Seigniour Angle———ſhe's a very fine lady, obſerve that———Seigniour Angle, ſays ſhe,——Seigniora, ſays I, and trips after her to the corner of a ſtreet, ſuppoſe it Ruſſel-ſtreet here, or any other ſtreet; then you

know, I muſt invite her to the tavern, I can do no leſs. ——There up comes her bravo; the Italian grows ſaucy, and I give him an Engliſh douſe of the face. I can box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'Prentice, Sir,—but then, Sir, he whips out his ſtilletto, and I whips out my bull dog—ſnaps him through, trips down ſtairs, turns the corner of Ruſſel ſtreet again, and whips me into the Ambaſſador's train, and there I'm ſafe as a beau behind the ſcenes.

Wild. Is your piſtol charg'd, Sir?

Clinch. ſen. Only a brace of bullets, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very piſtol, truly: pray let me ſee it.

Clinch. ſen. With all my heart, Sir.

Wild. Hark'ye, Mr. Jubilee, can you digeſt a brace of bullets?

Clinch. ſen. O by no means in the world, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the ſtrength of your ſtomach, however. Sir, you're a dead man. (*Preſenting the piſtol to his breaſt.*

Clinch. ſen. Conſider dear Sir! I am going to the Jubilee, when I come home agen, I am a dead man at your ſervice.

Wild. O very well Sir! but take heed you are not ſo cholerick for the future.

Clinch. Cholerick, Sir! Oons! I deſign to ſhoot ſeven Italians a week, Sir?

Wild. Sir, you won't have provocation.

Clinch. ſen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any man for treading upon my corns, and there will be a deviliſh throng of people there; they ſay that all the princes in Italy will be there.

Wild. And all the ſops and fidlers in Europe——but the uſe of your ſwimming girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. ſen. O Lord, Sir! That's eaſy. Suppoſe the ſhip caſt away; now, whilſt other fooliſh people are buſy at their prayers, I whip on my ſwimming girdle, clap a month's proviſion into my pocket, and ſails me away like an egg in a duck's belly.——And hark'e Sir, I have a new project in my head. Where d'ye think my ſwimming girdle ſhall carry me upon this occaſion? 'Tis a new project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. ſen. To Civita Vecchia, faith and troth, and ſo ſave the charges of my paſſage. Well, Sir, you muſt pardon

me now, I'm going to ſee my miſtreſs. [*Exit.*

Wild. This fellow's an accompliſh'd aſs before he goes abroad. Well! This Angelica has got into my heart, and I can't get her out of my head. I muſt pay her t'other viſit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *lady* Darling's *houſe.*

Angelica *ſola.*

Angel. Unhappy ſtate of woman! whoſe chief virtue is but ceremony, and our much boaſted modeſty but a ſlaviſh reſtraint. The ſtrict confinement on our words, makes our thoughts ramble more; and what preſerves our outward fame, deſtroys our inward quiet.——'Tis hard that love ſhou'd be deny'd the privilege of hatred; that ſcandal and detraction ſhould be ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred love and truth debar'd our converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher *jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my daughter, couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three ſcrapes.

Clin. ſaluting Angelica.] One, two, three, your humble ſervant, was not that right, Dicky?

Dick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you ſpeak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your pardon, Dicky, I know my diſtance. Wou'd you have me ſpeak to a lady at the firſt ſight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the firſt aim is the ſureſt.

Clin. jun. Now for a good jeſt, to make her laugh heartily.——By Jupiter Ammon I'll go give her a kiſs.

[*Goes towards her.*

Enter Wildair, *interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpoſe, I told you ſo before; your pitiful five guineas will never do——you may go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, couſin! What d'ye mean? Affront a gentleman of his quality in my houſe!

Clin. jun. Quality——why, madam, I don't know what you mean by your mad-men, and your beaux, and your quality.——They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

Angel. Sir, if your converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt time, I wou'd adviſe you to make your viſit as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The offences of my laſt viſit, madam, bore their puniſhment in the commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſy till I receive pardon, as your ladyſhip can be till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir Harry, I did not well underſtand the offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the greatneſs of your apology! if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great pains in an excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt the lips be that guard that tongue! Then, madam, no more of paſt offences, let us prepare for joys to come; let this ſeal my pardon. [*Kiſſes her hand.*] And this [*Again.*] initiate me to farther happineſs.

Angel. Hold, Sir, —— one queſtion, Sir Harry, and pray anſwer plainly, d'ye love me?

Wild Love you! Does fire aſcend? Do hypocrites diſſemble? Uſurers love gold, or great men flattery? doubt theſe, then queſtion that I love.

Angel. This ſhews your gallantry, Sir, but not your love.

Wild. View your own charms, madam, then judge my paſſion; your beauty raviſhes my eye, your voice my ear, and your touch has thrill'd my melting ſoul.

Angel. If your words be real, 'tis in your pow'r to raiſe an equal flame in me.——

Wild. Nay, then ——I ſeize ——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis alſo poſſible to make me deteſt and ſcorn you worſe than the moſt profligate of your deceiving ſex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, madam, you only affect anger, becauſe you know your frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir Harry, you being the beſt judge of your own deſigns, can beſt underſtand whether my anger ſhou'd be real or diſſembled; think what ſtrict modeſty ſhou'd bear, then judge of my reſentments.

Wild. Strict modeſty ſhou'd bear! Why faith, madam,

I believe the ſtricteſt modeſty may bear fifty guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, madam, what do you mean! if you go to that. I think now fifty guineas is a very fine offer for your ſtrict modeſty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir Harry, to charge the impertinence of a man of your figure on his defect in underſtanding, than on his want of manners.—— I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, madam, you're enough to make any man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a———

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a lady of—ſtrict modeſty, if you will have it ſo.

Angel. I ſhall never hereafter truſt common report, which repreſented you, Sir, a man of honour, wit, and breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [*Exit.*

Wild. ſolus. Now I find that the ſtrict pretences which the ladies of pleaſure make to ſtrict modeſty, is the reaſon why thoſe of quality are aſham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what ſucceſs?

Wild. Succeſs! 'Tis a ſhame for you young fellows in town here, to let the wenches grow ſo ſaucy: I offer'd her fifty guineas, and ſhe was in her airs preſently, and flew away in a huff. I cou'd have had a brace of counteſſes in Paris for half the money, and *Je vous remercie* into the bargain.

Viz. Gone in her airs, ſay you? And did you not follow her?

Wild. Whither ſhould I follow her?

Viz. Into her bed-chamber, man; ſhe went on purpoſe. You a man of gallantry, and not underſtand that a lady's beſt pleas'd when ſhe puts on her airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talk'd to me of ſtrict modeſty, and ſtuff.

Viz. Certainly. Moſt women magnify their modeſty, for the ſame reaſon that cowards boaſt their courage, becauſe they have leaſt on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when

you make your next aſſault, incourage your ſpirits with brisk Burgundy; if you ſucceed, 'tis well, if not, you have a fair excuſe for your rudeneſs. I'll go in, and make your peace for what's paſt. Oh! I had almoſt forgot—Col. Standard wants to ſpeak with you about ſome buſineſs.

Wild. I'll wait upon him preſently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the Piazza of Covent-garden, about an hour hence, I promis'd to ſee him; and there you may meet him, to have your throat cut. (*Aſide.* I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul play with the lady, Vizard. [*Exit.*

Viz. No fair play, I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The ſtreet before* Lurewell's *lodgings*; Clincher *ſen. and* Lurewell *coqueting in the balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is reaſon in diſputes of love? That daring reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion works of high omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt paſſions, and yields implicite faith to fooliſh love, paying blind zeal to faithleſs womens eyes. I've heard her falſhood with ſuch preſſing proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my love wou'd baffle demonſtration, and make impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.*] Ha! That fool too! What, ſtoop ſo low as that animal!——— 'Tis true, women once fall'n, like cowards in deſpair, will ſtick at nothing; there's no medium in their actions. They muſt be bright as angels, or black as fiends. But now for my revenge, I'll kick her cully before her face, call her whore, curſe the whole ſex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a dining-room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Ah! your husband! Oh, I ſhall be murder'd: what ſhall I do! where ſhall I run! I'll creep into an o-

ven; I'll climb up the chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim;—— I wiſh to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now.——

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clinch. Think! not I, I never cou'd think to any purpoſe in my life.

Enter Tom Errand.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I ſaw him come in here this morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill if he is not gone.

Lure. A lucky hit! Here, friend, change cloaths with this gentleman, quickly, ſtrip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly, ſtrip: I'll give you half a crown to boot. Come, here: ſo. [*They change cloaths.*

Lure. Now ſlip you [*To* Clinch.] down-ſtairs, and wait at the door till my husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a trick?

Stand. O madam, all your artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's company when I ſent his letters back by you; yet you forſooth, muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent courtſhip!

Stand. I expoſe you to his courtſhip!

Lure. I'll lay my life you'll deny it now: come, come, Sir; a pitiful lie is as ſcandalous to a red coat as an oath to a black. Did not Sir Harry himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all lies: firſt, your heart is falſe, your eyes are double; one look belies another: and then your tongue does contradict them all.——Madam, I ſee a little devil juſt now hammering out a lie in your pericranium.

Lure. As I hope for mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aſide.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the play-houſe cant upon your tongue; and think, that wit may privilege your

railing: but I muſt tell you, Sir, that what is ſatyr upon the ſtage, is ill manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the ſtage, is here in reality real falſhood. Yes, yes, madam,—I expos'd you to the courtſhip of your fool Clincher, too; I hope your female wiles will impoſe that upon me——— alſo———

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now you're ſtark mad. I know no ſuch perſon

Stand. O woman in perfection! not know him! 'Slife, madam, can my eyes, my piercing jealous eyes, be ſo deluded? Nay, madam, my noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the fop by his Pulvilio from the balcony down to the ſtreet.

Lure. The balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the balcony; I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir Harry Wildair's footman with a new French livery, for a beau.

Stand 'Sdeath, madam, what is there in me that looks like a cully! Did not I ſee him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not ſee him; you're dreaming, colonel. Will you believe your eyes, now that I have rub'd them open?——Here, you friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *cloaths.*

Stand. This is illuſion all; my eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your acknowledgment for your rude behaviour?—Oh, what a curſe is it to love as I do!—But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my affection: for ſuch ungenerous uſage will ſoon return my tir'd heart.——Be gone, Sir, [*To the porter.*] to your impertinent maſter, and tell him I ſhall never be at leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome viſits; ——ſend to me to know when I ſhou'd be at home!——Be gone, Sir:—I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate woman. [*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in nature; and truth is only falſhood well diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt ſuſpicions: but 'tis an ungrateful return. [*Weeping.*

Stand. Now, where are all my firm reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My paſſion rais'd my jealouſy; then why

mayn't love be as blind in finding faults, as in excuſing them?——I hope, madam, you'll pardon me, ſince jealouſy that magnify'd my ſuſpicion, is as much the effect of love, as my eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

Lure. Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You men have got an inſolent way of extorting pardon, by perſiſting in your faults. No, no, Sir, cheriſh your ſuſpicions, and feed upon your jealouſy: 'tis fit meat for your ſqueamiſh ſtomach.

With me all women ſhou'd this rule purſue:
Who think us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true.

[*Exit* in a rage.

Enter Clincher *in the porter's cloaths.*

Clin. Well, intriguing is the prettieſt, pleaſanteſt thing, for a man of my parts:—how ſhall we laugh at the husband, when he is gone?———how ſillyly he looks! He's in labour of horns already.———To make a colonel a cuckold! 'Twill be rare news for the Alderman.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me a juſt revenge:—O! this is the porter I ſent the challenge by:——Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the note, fellow?

Clin. The note! What note?

Stand. The letter, blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you ſeen him?

Clin. O Lord, what ſhall I ſay now? Seen him? Yes, Sir——No, Sir.——I have, Sir——I have not, Sir.

Stand. The fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your head.

Clin. I know Sir Harry very well, Sir; but as to the note, Sir, I can't remember a word on't: truth is, I have a very bad memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your memory. [*Strikes him.*

Clinch. Zauns, Sir, hold!——I did give him the note.

Stand. And what anſwer?

Clinch. I mean I did not give him the note.

Stand. What d'ye banter, raſcal? [*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold! He did ſend an anſwer.

Stand. What was't, villain?

Clin. Why, truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this month, raſcal. [*Beats him off, and* exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon: this is better than I expected; but fortune ſtill helps the induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The devil take all intriguing, ſay I and him who firſt invented canes.——— That curs'd colonel has got ſuch a knack of beating his men, that he has left the mark of a collar of bandileers about my ſhoulders.

Lure. O my poor gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten; but where's my cloaths? my cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye! If ever I peep into a colonel's tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the gauntlet.——But my cloaths, madam.

Lure. I ſent the porter down ſtairs with them: did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, ſay you! and with my cloaths! my fine Jubilee cloaths!—O, the rogue, the thief!——I'll have him hang'd for murder.—But how ſhall I get home in this pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the colonel will be back preſently, for he dines at home.

Clin. O, then I muſt ſneak off!
Was ever ſuch an unfortunate beau?
To have his coat well thraſh'd, and loſe his coat alſo.

Lure. Thus the noble poet ſpoke truth:

Nothing ſuits worſe with vice than want of ſenſe:
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own expence.

Par. Methinks, madam, the injuries you have ſuffer'd by men, muſt be very great, to raiſe ſuch heavy reſentments againſt the whole ſex.

Lure. The greateſt injury that woman cou'd ſuſtain; they robb'd me of that jewel, which preſerv'd, exalts our ſex almoſt to angels; but deſtroy'd, debaſes us below the worſt of brutes, mankind.

Par. But I think, madam, your anger ſhou'd be only confin'd to the author of your wrongs.

Lure. The author! alas, I know him not, which makes my wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, madam, that a man ſhould rob you of that ſame jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lur. Leave trifling;——'tis a ſubject that always ſours my temper: but ſince, by thy faithful ſervice, I have ſome reaſon to confide in your ſecrecy, hear the ſtrange relation.——— Some twelve years ago, I liv'd at my father's houſe in Oxfordſhire, bleſt with innocence, the ornamental, but weak guard of blooming beauty: I was then juſt fifteen, an age fatal to the female ſex: our youth is tempting, our innocence credulous, romances moving, love powerful, and men are—villains. Then it happened, that three young gentlemen from the univerſity coming into the country, and being benighted, and ſtrangers, called at my father's: he was very glad of their company, and offer'd them the entertainment of his houſe.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! theſe ſtrouling collegians are never abroad, but upon ſome miſchief.

Lure. They had ſome private frolick or deſign in their heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my father perceiving, out of civility, made no enquiry into their affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, univerſity air, a ſort of a diſagreeable ſcholaſtick booriſhneſs in their behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, madam;——the third of all things, they ſay, is very critical.

Lure. He was——but in ſhort, nature cut him out for my undoing; he ſeem'd to be about eighteen.

Par. A fit match for your fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel ſweetneſs in his face, a graceful comelineſs in his perſon, and his tongue was fit to ſooth ſoft innocence to ruin. His very looks were witty, and his expreſſive eyes ſpoke ſofter, prettier things, than words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be miſchief by and by; I never heard a woman talk ſo much of eyes, but there were tears preſently after.

Lure. His diſcourſe was directed to my father, but his looks to me. After ſupper I went to my chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to bed, and dreamt of him all night, roſe in the morning, and made verſes, ſo fell deſperately in love.——My father was ſo well pleas'd with his converſation, that he begg'd their company next day; they conſented, and next night, Parly———

Par. Ah, next night, madam,———next night (I'm afraid) was a night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my maid, with his gold, out of her honeſty; and me, with his rhetorick, out of my honour. ——She admitted him to my chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wept, and ſigh'd—and conquer'd.

[*Weeps.*

Par. Alack-a-day, poor fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He ſwore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old bait! the old bait!—I was cheated juſt ſo my ſelf. [*Aſide.*] But had not you the wit to know his name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what wit had innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an obligation to his companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two days, and let me know his name, and quality. After all the binding oaths of conſtancy, joining hands, exchanging hearts, I gave him a ring with this motto, *love and honour*, then we parted, but I never ſaw the dear deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my griefs, which my father's.

death made a fair pretence for; he left me ſole heireſs, and executrix to three thouſand pounds a year: at laſt, my love for this ſingle diſſembler turn'd to a hatred of the whole ſex; and reſolving to divert my melancholy, and make my large fortune ſubſervient to my pleaſure and revenge, I went to travel, where, in moſt courts of Europe, I have done ſome execution. Here I will play my laſt ſcene; then retire to my country houſe, live ſolitary, and die a penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear diſſembler?

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'tis love of him that keeps my anger warm, repreſenting the baſeneſs of mankind full in view; and makes my reſentments work—we ſhall have that old impotent lecher, Smuggler here to night; I have a plot to ſwinge him, and his preciſe nephew, Vizard.

Par. I think, madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, Parly, thoſe men, whoſe pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſs'd, by letting them know my firm reſolutions never to marry. But thoſe villains that wou'd attempt my honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the colonel, madam? I ſuppoſe his deſigns are honourable.

Lure. That man's a riddle; there's ſomething of honour in his temper that pleaſes; I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfy'd. But he's a man ſtill. ——— When I once tried his pulſe about marriage, his blood ran as low as a coward's. He ſwore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forſooth, becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So poor a pretence made me diſdain his paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſy to me. —— But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough—beſides, Parly, I begin to be tir'd of my revenge;—but this buſs and guinea I muſt maul once more. I'll hanſel his woman's cloaths for him. Go, go get me pen and ink; I muſt write to Vizard too.

Fortune, this once aſſiſt me as before;
Two ſuch machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious wheel, and my projecting brain.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

Stand. I Thought, Sir Harry, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient place; but ſince my wrongs were without ceremony, my revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir, what ſhall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious humour well enough; it ſhews courage and unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore uſe you thus. Draw your ſword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil take me if I fight.———Perhaps, colonel, this is the prettieſt blade you have ſeen.

Stand. I doubt not but the arm is good; and therefore think both worth my reſentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a madman, as to ſend my ſoul to the Devil, and my body to the worms *upon every fool's Errand?* [*Aſide.*

Stand. I hope you're no coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thouſand pounds a year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in Flanders, to my knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the ſame reaſon that I wore a red coat; becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a French count in Paris.

Wild. True, Sir; but there was no danger of lands, nor tenements: beſides, he was a beau, like my ſelf. Now you're a ſoldier, colonel, and fighting's your trade, and I think it downright madneſs to contend with any man in his profeſſion.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I ſhall take very unſeemly methods, if you don't ſhew yourſelf a gentleman.

Wild. A gentleman! Why there agen now? A gentleman; I tell you once more, colonel, that I am a baronet,

and have eight thouſand pounds a year. I can dance, ſing, ride, fence, underſtand the languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the body ſhou'd contribute one jot more to my gentility. But pray, colonel, I had forgot to ask you: what's the quarrel?

Stand. A woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my ſword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your honour be concern'd with a woman, get it out of her hands as ſoon as you can. An honourable lover is the greateſt ſlave in nature; ſome will ſay, the greateſt fool. Come, come, colonel, this is ſomething about the lady Lurewell, I warrant; I can give you ſatisfaction in that affair.

Stand. Do ſo then immediately!

Wild. Put up your ſword firſt; you know I dare fight: but I had much rather make you a friend than an enemy. I can aſſure you, this lady will prove too hard for one of your temper. You have too much honour, too much in conſcience, to be a favourite with the ladies.

Stand. I'm aſſur'd, Sir, ſhe never gave you any encouragement.——

Wild. A man can never hear reaſon with a ſword in his hand. Sheath your weapon; and then if I don't ſatisfie you, ſheath it in my body.

Stand. Give me but demonſtration of her granting you any favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I ſhall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard——but ſome means I ſhall deviſe for your ſatisfaction——we muſt fly this place, elſe that cluſter of mob will overwhelm us. (*Exeunt.*

Enter mob, Tom Errand's *wife hurrying in* Clincher ſenior, *in* Errand's *cloaths.*

Wife. O, the villain, the rogue, he has murder'd my husband: Ah! my poor *Timothy*! [*Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*!——your husband has murder-

ed me, woman; for he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you cut-throat, have you not got his cloaths upon your back there?—Neighbours don't you know poor Timothy's coat and apron?

Mob. Ay, ay, 'tis the ſame.

Firſt Mob. What ſhall we do with him, neighbours?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

Firſt Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good people, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to ſwim in all my life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the Thames.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my ſwimming girdle, now.

Enter Conſtable.

Conſt. Hold, neighbours, I command the peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Conſtable, here's a rogue that has murder'd my husband, and robb'd him of his cloaths.

Conſt. Murder and robbery! then he muſt be a gentleman. Hands off there; he muſt not be abus'd.—Give an account of your ſelf. Are you a gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am beau.

Conſt. A beau! Then you have killed no body, I'm perſwaded. How came you by theſe cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You muſt know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—ſo the porter and I chang'd cloaths, Sir.

Conſt. Very well! the man ſpeaks reaſon, and like a gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Conſtable, ask him how he changed cloaths with him.

Conſt. Silence, woman! and don't diſturb the court.—Well, Sir, how did you change cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my coat, and I drew off his: ſo I put on his coat, and he put on mine.

Conſt. Why neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: ſearch him! and if he carries no arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They ſearch his pockets, and pull out his piſtols:*

Clin. O *Gemini*! My Jubilee piſtols!

Conſt. What, a caſe of piſtols! Then the caſe is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from Ruſſel-ſtreet, and I am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You ſhall go to the gallows, you rogue.

Conſt. Away with him, away with him to Newgate, ſtraight.

Clin. I ſhall go to the Jubilee now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In ſhort, colonel, 'tis all nonſenſe: fight for a woman! Hard by is the lady's houſe, if you pleaſe we'll wait on her together: you ſhall draw your ſword, I'll draw my ſnuff-box: you ſhall produce your wounds receiv'd in war: I'll relate mine by Cupid's dart: you ſhall look big; I'll ogle;—— you ſhall ſwear; I'll ſigh, ——you ſhall *ſa*, *ſa*, and I'll *coupee*; and if ſhe flies not to my arms like a hawk to its perch, my dancing maſter deſerves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of women, I grant you theſe arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of women! Why there agen, you're out. They're all alike Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was ſhe, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think ſhe's call'd, and that's a poetical ſtory too. When will you find a poet in our age make a woman ſo chaſte?

Stand. Well, Sir Harry, your facetious humour can diſguiſe falſhood, and make calumny paſs for ſatyr; but you have promis'd me ocular demonſtration that ſhe favours you: make that good, and I ſhall then maintain faith and female to be as inconſiſtent as truth and falſhood.

Wild. Nay, by what you told me, I am ſatisfied that ſhe impoſes on us all: and Vizard too ſeems what I ſtill ſuſpected him: but his honeſty once miſtruſted, ſpoils his knavery:——but will you be convinc'd, if our plot ſucceeds?

Stand. I rely on your word and honour, Sir Harry; which if I doubted, my diſtruſt wou'd cancel the obligation of their ſecurity.

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the Rummer: you muſt oblige me by taking a hearty glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain project, which this night I undertake.

Stand. I gueſs by the preparation, that woman's the deſign.

Wild. Yes, faith.——I am taken dangerous ill with two fooliſh maladies, modeſty and love; the firſt I'll cure with Burgundy, and my love by a night's lodging with the damſel. A ſure remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! Dicky, this London is a ſad place, a ſad vicious place: I wiſh that I were in the country agen: and this brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a rake: I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, he'll ſpend his whole eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who, d'ye think, lives at this ſame Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The devil he does! My brother go to the place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd ſure!

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher ſenior's *cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

Err. This lace will ſell. What a blockhead was the fellow to truſt me with his coat! If I can get croſs the garden, down to the water-ſide, I am pretty ſecure.

[*Aſide.*

Clin. Brother!——Alaw! O Gemini! are you my brother?

Dick. I ſeize you in the king's name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove ſome parliament man now!

Clin. Speak, you rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor porter, Sir, and going of an errand.

Dick. What errand? ſpeak, you rogue.

Err. A fool's errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who ſent you?

Err. A beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the rogue has murder'd your brother, and ſtript him of his cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee brother!—Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm heir tho': ſpeak, Sarrah have you kill'd him? Confeſs that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you half a crown.

Err. Who, I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any man, but a carrier's horſe once.

Clin. Then you ſhall certainly be hang'd; but confeſs that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the truth hangs a man, but confeſſing a lye can do no harm; beſides, if the worſt come to the worſt, I can but deny it agen.——well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your money, Sir,—but are you ſure you kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll ſwear it before any judge in England.

Dick. But are you ſure that he's *dead in law?*

Err. Dead in law? I can't tell whether he be *dead in law.*

But he's as dead as a door-nail; for I gave him ſeven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Dick. Then you have the eſtate by ſtatute.

Any man that's knock'd o'th' head is *dead in law.*

Clin. But are you ſure he was *compos mentis* when he was kill'd?

Err. I ſuppoſe he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! Then I go to the Jubilee———ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

By Jupiter Ammon, ſtrip.

Dick. Ah! don't ſwear, Sir. [*Puts on his brother's cloaths.*

Clin. Swear, Sir, Zoons, han't I got the eſtate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'am in mourning for my brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you muſt do me the favour to ſwear poſitively before a magiſtrate, that you kill'd him

dead, that I may enter upon the eſtate without any trouble. By Jupiter Ammon, all my religion's gone, ſince I put on theſe fine cloaths—Hey, call me a coach ſome body.

Err. Ay, maſter, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; Dicky, carry this ſpark before a juſtice, and when he has made oath, you may diſcharge him. And I'll go ſee Angelica. [*Exeunt* Dick *and* Errand. Now that I'm an elder brother, I'll court, and ſwear, and rant, and rake, and go to the Jubilee with the beſt of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's *houſe.*

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Are you ſure that Vizard had my letter?

Par. Yes, yes, madam; one of your ladyſhip's footmen gave it to him in the park, and he told the bearer, with all tranſports of joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a minute.

Lure. Thus moſt villains ſome time or other, are punctual to their ruin, and hypocriſie, by impoſing on the world, at laſt deceives it ſelf. Are all things prepar'd for his reception?

Par. Exactly to your ladyſhip's order; the Alderman too is juſt come, dreſs'd and cook'd up for iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got woman's cloaths on.

Par. Yes, madam, and has paſs'd upon the family for your nurſe.

Lure. Convey him into that cloſet, and put out the candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him preſently.

As Parly *goes to put out the candles, ſome body knocks.*

Lure. This muſt be ſome clown without manners, or a gentleman above ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. ſings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *door,*
He ſigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and ſwore,
The ſign was ſo,
[Knocks.]

She anſwer'd, no.
[Knocks thrice.
No, no, no,
Again he ſigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, *no, I'm afraid:*
Conſider, Damon, *I'm a maid.*
Conſider,
No,
I'm a maid.
No, &c.
At laſt his ſighs and tears made way,
She roſe, and ſoftly turn'd the key:
Come in, ſaid ſhe, but do not ſtay.
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.
Enters. [*Exit* Parly.

Lure. 'Tis too early for ſerenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Whereſoever love is, there muſick is proper, there's an harmonious conſent in their natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the chorus of earthly happineſs.

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what tempeſt drives you here at this hour?

Wild. No tempeſt, madam, but as fair weather as ever entic'd a citizen's wife to cuckold her husband in freſh air. Love, madam. [Wild. *taking her by the hand.*

Lure. *As pure and white as angels ſoft deſires.*

Wild. *Fierce, as when ripe conſenting beauty fires.*

Lure. O villain! What privilege has men to our deſtruction, that thus they hunt our ruin? [*Aſide.*] If this be a love token, [Wild. *drops a ring, ſhe takes it up.*] your miſtreſſes favours hang very looſe about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't juſtly, madam, pay your trouble of taking it up by any thing, but deſiring you to wear it.

Lure. You gentlemen have the cunningeſt ways of playing the fool, and are ſo induſtrious in your profuſeneſs. Speak ſeriouſly, am I beholding to chance or deſign for this ring?

Wild. To deſign, upon my honour. And I hope my deſign will ſucceed. [*Aſide.*

Lure. *And what ſhall I give you for ſuch a fine thing?*
Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine thing.* [*Both ſing.*

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my heart, madam, ſo I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I ſhall beg the favour to ſee you ſome other time; for at this very minute I have two lovers in the houſe.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I muſt be gone this minute, for I muſt ſee another miſtreſs within theſe two hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——madam, your moſt humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Lure. Nothing can diſturb his humour. Now for my merchant and Vizard. [*Exit and takes the candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dreſs'd in woman's cloaths.*

Par. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,—I'm oblig'd to you for this trouble, here are a couple of ſhillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed, but next time I'll ſteal a pair of ſilk ſtockings from my wife, and bring them to you —— what are you fumbling about my pockets for——

Par. Only ſetting the plaits of your gown; here, Sir, get into this cloſet, and my lady will wait on you preſently. [*Puts him into the cloſet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'ſt thou lead me, my dear auſpicious little pilot.

Par. You're almoſt in port, Sir, my lady's in the cloſet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kiſſes her.*

Par. 'Pſhaw, who has hir'd me beſt? A couple of ſhillings or a couple of kiſſes.

Viz. Propitious darkneſs guides the lovers ſteps, and night that ſhadows outward ſenſe, lights up our inward

joy. Night! The great awful ruler of mankind, which, like the Perſian Monarch hides its royalty to raiſe the veneration of the world. Under thy eaſy reign diſſemblers may ſpeak truth; all ſlaviſh forms and ceremonies laid aſide, and generous villany may act without conſtraint.

Smug. [*Peeping out of the cloſet.*] Bleſs me! What voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry appetites, like the wild beaſts of prey, now ſcour about, to gorge their craving maws; the pleaſure of hypocriſy, like a chain'd lyon, once broke looſe, wildly indulges its new freedom, ranging through all unbounded joys.

Smug. My nephew's voice, and certainly poſſeſs'd with an evil ſpirit; he talks as prophanely, as an actor poſſeſs'd with a poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a voice, madam,—my life, my happineſs, where are you, madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your ſanctity, Mr. Vizard?

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful ſubject——I left it where it has only buſineſs, with day-light; 'tis needleſs to wear a maſk in the dark.

Smug. O the rogue, the rogue;—the world takes you for a very ſober, virtuous gentleman.

Viz. Ay, madam, that adds ſecurity to all my pleaſure——with me a cully-'ſquire may ſquander his eſtate, and ne'er be thought a ſpend-thrift——— with me a holy elder may zealouſly be drunk, and toaſt his tuneful noiſe in ſack, to make it hold forth clearer— But what is moſt my praiſe, the formal rigid ſhe, that rails at vice and men, with me ſecures her looſeſt pleaſures, and her ſtricteſt honour——— ſhe who with ſcornful mien, and virtuous pride, diſdains the name of whore, with me can wanton, and laugh at the deluded world.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! Then you are very great among the ladies.

Viz. Yes, madam, they know that like a mole in the earth, I dig deep, but inviſible; not like thoſe fluttering noiſy ſinners, whoſe pleaſure is the proclamation of their faults; thoſe empty flaſhes, who no ſooner kindle, but

they muſt blaze to alarm the world. But come, madam, you delay our pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the lady Lurewell—ſhe has made him an appointment too—but I'll be reveng'd of both——well, Sir, what are thoſe you are ſo intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, madam, you know very well—thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the vulgar envy even their crimes, whoſe figure adds privilege to their ſin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd: fair, high, pamper'd females, whoſe ſpeaking eyes, and piercing voice, would arm the ſtatue of a ſtoick, and animate his cold marble with the ſoul of an Epicure, all raviſhing, lovely, and ſoft, and kind, like you——

Smug. I'm very lovely and ſoft indeed! you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, friend——well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your diſſimulation has ſome other motive beſides pleaſure.

Viz. Yes, madam, the honeſteſt motive in the world, intereſt——you muſt know, madam, that I have an old uncle, Alderman Smuggler, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old rogue, that ever died of the gout.

Smug. Ah! The young ſon of a whore! Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched ſouls, than he for ill got pelf——and yet (what's wonderful) he that would ſtick at no profitable villany himſelf, loves holineſs in another——he prays all ſunday for the ſins of the week paſt——he ſpends all dinner-time in two tedious graces; and what he deſigns a bleſſing to the meat, proves a curſe to his family ——he's the moſt ——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, madam, he has a ſwinging eſtate, which I deſign to purchaſe as a ſaint, and ſpend like a gentleman. He got it by cheating, and ſhould loſe it by deceit. By the pretence of my zeal and ſobriety, I'll cozen the old miſer one of theſe days, out of a ſettlement and deed of conveyance——

Smug. It ſhall be a deed to convey you to the gallows, then, ye young dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his grave with a coach and ſix, to inform his covetous ghoſt how genteely I ſpend his money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, boy, for I'll have my money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, madam! Here's a light coming this way. I muſt fly immediately, when ſhall I ſee you, madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear madam, I would not be ſeen for the world. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my life, nay my pleaſure, than my reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor word ſuffers a great deal——— well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding face over a diſh of coffee and a pipe of tobacco; he owes me for ſeven years maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven years impriſonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the fee-ſimple of a rope and a ſhilling. Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome miſchief———I wiſh that I were ſafe within the city liberties—I'll hide my ſelf. [*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other ſervants and lights.*

But. I ſay there are two ſpoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole houſe———two ſpoons will be no ſmall gap in my quarter's wages.———

Serv. When did you miſs 'em, James?

But. Miſs them! Why I miſs them now! in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the cunning-man to-morrow morning; my ſpoons I want, and my ſpoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about.

[*Search and diſcover* Smuggler.

But. Hark'e, good woman, what makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of?

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt old woman that never was aſham'd of any thing.

But. What are you, a midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray ſpoons in your travels?

Smug. Stray ſpoons?

But. Ay, ay, ſtray ſpoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me; a reverend elder of ſeventy years old accus'd for petty larceny!—— Why ſearch me, good people, ſearch me; and if you find any ſpoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a witch.

But. Ay, we will ſearch you, miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the ſpoons out of his pocket.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us! ſhe is a witch in good earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome devil, ſome Covent-garden, or St. James's devil, that put them in my pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a thief, burnt for a witch, and then carted for a bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the lady Lurewell's nurſe.

Lure. What noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old Succubus, madam, that has ſtole two ſilver ſpoons, and ſays ſhe's your nurſe.

Lure. My nurſe! O the impudent old jade, I never ſaw the wither'd creature before.

Smug. Then I am finely caught. O madam! madam, don't you know me? don't you remember buſs and guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a bawd in the ſide box.——Take her before a juſtice, and then to Newgate, away.

Smug. O! conſider, madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Conſider, Sir, that you're a compound of coveteouſneſs, hypocriſy and knavery, and muſt be puniſh'd accordingly——you muſt be in petticoats, gouty monſter, muſt ye! You muſt buſs and guinea too; you muſt tempt a lady's honour, old ſatyr, away with him.

[*Hurry him off.*

Still may our ſex thus frauds of men oppoſe,
Still may our arts delude theſe tempting foes.
May honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But vice be caught in nets for virtue laid.

ACT V.

SCENE, *lady* Darling's *houſe*.

Darling *and* Angelica.

Darl. DAughter, ſince you have to deal with a man of ſo peculiar a temper, you muſt not think the general arts of love can ſecure him; you may therefore allow ſuch a courtier ſome encouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your modeſty.

Angel. I am ſenſible, madam, that a formal nicety makes our modeſty ſit aukward, and appears rather a chain to enſlave, than bracelet to adorn us;——it ſhou'd ſhew, when unmoleſted, eaſy and innocent as a dove, but ſtrong and vigorous as a faulcon, when aſſaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, daughter, you miſtake Sir Harry's gaiety for diſhonour.

Ang. Tho' modeſty, madam, may wink, it muſt not ſleep, when powerful enemies are abroad——— I muſt confeſs, that of all men's, I wou'd not ſee Sir Harry Wildair's faults; nay, I cou'd wreſt his moſt ſuſpicious words a thouſand ways, to make them look like honour ———But, madam, in ſpight of love, I muſt hate him, and curſe thoſe practices which taint our nobility, and rob all virtuous women of the braveſt men.———

Darl. You muſt certainly be miſtaken, Angelica, for I'm ſatisfy'd Sir Harry's deſigns are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His pretence, perhaps, was ſuch; but women now, like enemies, are attack'd; whether by treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the glory of the triumph is the ſame ——pray, madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his deſigns?

Darl. Means, child! why, my couſin Vizard, who, I'm ſure, is your ſincere friend, ſent him. He brought me this letter from my couſin.———

[*Gives her the letter, which ſhe opens.*

Ang. Ha! Vizard! then I'm abus'd in earneſt.—Wou'd

Sir Harry, by his inſtigation, fix a baſe affront upon me? No, I can't ſuſpect him of ſo ungenteel a crime——this letter ſhall trace the truth——— [*Aſide.*] My ſuſpicions, madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to ſatisfy your ladyſhip in my management, when next I ſee Sir Harry.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a gentleman below calls himſelf Wildair.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your diſcretion. [*Exit* Darling.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the delights of love and Burgundy!——madam, I have toaſted your ladyſhip fifteen bumpers ſucceſſively, and ſwallow'd cupids like loches to every glaſs.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, madam, the wine has got into my head, and the cupids into my heart; and unleſs by quenching quick my flame, you kindly eaſe the ſmart, I'm a loſt man, madam.

Ang. Drunkenneſs, Sir Harry, is the worſt pretence a gentleman can make for rudeneſs; for the excuſe is as ſcandalous as the fault.———Therefore, pray conſider who you are ſo free with, Sir: a woman of condition, that can call half a dozen footmen upon occaſion.

Wild. Nay, madam, if you have a mind to toſs me in a blanket, half a dozen chamber-maids would do better ſervice.——— Come, come, madam, tho' the wine makes me liſp, yet it has taught me to ſpeak plainer. By all the duſt of my ancient progenitors, I muſt this night reſt in your arms.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there? [*Enter footmen.* Take hold of that mad-man, and bind him.

Wild Nay, then Burgundy's the word, ſlaughter will enſue. Hold,——do you know, ſcoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious Burgundy? [*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then, how have you the impudence, raſcals, to aſſault a gentleman with a couple of flasks of courage in his head?

Servants. We muſt do as our young miſtreſs commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, dogs.

[*Throws money among them: they ſcramble and take it up. He pelting them out, ſhuts the door, and returns.*

Raſcals, poultrons,———I have charm'd the dragon, and now the fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary wretches! This was a plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole army to flight: and now I'll take the general priſoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the ſacred name of honour, by your dead father's name, and the fair reputation of your mother's chaſtity, that you offer not the leaſt offence—already you have wrong'd me paſt redreſs.

Wild. Thou art the moſt unaccountable creature.

Ang. What madneſs, Sir Harry! what wild dream of looſe deſire cou'd prompt you to attempt this baſeneſs? View me well.—The brightneſs of my mind, methinks, ſhould lighten outwards, and let you ſee your miſtake in my behaviour. I think it ſhines with ſo much innocence in my face, that it ſhould dazzle all your vicious thoughts: think not I am defenceleſs 'cauſe alone Your very ſelf is guard againſt your ſelf: I'm ſure, there's ſomething generous in your ſoul; my words ſhall ſnatch it out, and eyes ſhall fire it for my own defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A million to one now, but this girl is juſt come fluſh from reading the *Rival Queens*—'l gad, I'll at her in her own cant.

O my Statyra, *O my angry dear, turn thy eyes on me*, behold thy beau in buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir; view me with a ſober thought, free from thoſe fumes of wine that throw a miſt before your ſight, and you ſhall find that every glance from my reproaching eyes, is arm'd with ſharp reſentment, and with a virtuous pride that looks diſhonour dead.

Wild. This is the firſt whore in Heroicks that I have met with; [*Aſide.*] Look ye, madam, as to that ſlender particular of your virtue, we ſhan't quarrel about it; you may be as virtuous as any woman in England, if you pleaſe; you may ſay your pray'rs all the time:— but, pray, madam, be pleas'd to conſider what is this ſame virtue that you make ſuch a mighty noiſe about: can

your virtue beſpeak you a front-row in the boxes? No, for the players can't live upon virtue. Can your virtue keep you a coach and ſix? No, no; your virtuous women walk a foot———can your virtue hire you a pew in the church? Why, the very ſexton will tell you, no. Can your virtue ſtake for you at picquet? No. Then, what buſineſs has a woman with virtue?———Come, come, madam, I offer'd you fifty guineas,———there's a hundred——the Devil! Virtuous ſtill! Why, 'tis a hundred, five-ſcore, a hundred guineas.

Ang. O indignation! Were I a man, you durſt not uſe me thus; but the mean, poor abuſe you throw on me, reflects upon your ſelf; our ſex ſtill ſtrikes an awe upon the brave, and only cowards dare affront a woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death, madam, a hundred guineas will ſet you up a bank at baſſet, a hundred guineas will furniſh out your lodgings with china; a hundred guineas will give you an air of quality; a hundred guineas will buy you a rich eſcritore for your *billet-deux*, or a fine common-prayer book for your virtue. A hundred guineas will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine ladies; and fine ladies are for fine gentlemen; and fine gentlemen are——I gad, this Burgundy makes a man ſpeak like an angel——come, come, madam, take it, and put it to what uſe you pleaſe.

Ang. I'll uſe it as I would the baſe unworthy giver! thus! [*Throws down the purſe and ſtamps upon it.*

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in ſtate affairs; but theſe women will make me a parliament man 'ſpight of my teeth, on purpoſe to bring in a bill againſt their extortion. She tramples under foot that deity which all the world adores.——O the blooming pride of beautiful eighteen! 'Pſhaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my markets with the old gentlewoman, ſhe knows buſineſs better.——[*Goes to the door.*] Here, you, friend, pray deſire the old lady to walk in.—Hearkee, e'gad, madam, I'll tell your mother.

Enter lady Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, madam!——— Hearkee, will you take it? Why, faith, madam!—take the money, I ſay, or e' gad, all's out.

Ang. All ſhall out; Sir, you're a ſcandal to the name of gentleman.

Wild. With all my heart, madam:—in ſhort, madam, your daughter has us'd me ſomewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a woman of quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, madam, I have offer'd her a hundred guineas.

Darl. A hundred guineas! upon what ſcore?

Wild. Upon what ſcore! Lord, Lord, how theſe old women love to hear bawdy. Why, faith, madam, I have ne'er a double entendre ready at preſent, but I'll ſing you a ſong.

Behold the goldfinches, tall al de rall
And a man of my inches, tall al de rall,
You ſhall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me your—tall al de rall.

A modiſh minuet, madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't underſtand you.

Wild. Ay, ſhe will have it in plain terms; then, madam, in downright Engliſh, I offer'd your daughter a hundred guineas, to———

Ang. Hold, Sir, ſtop your abuſive tongue, too looſe for modeſt ears to hear.——Madam, I did before ſuſpect that his deſigns were baſe, now they're too plain; this knight, this mighty man of wit and humour, is made a tool to a knave: Vizard has ſent him of a bully's errand to affront a woman; but I ſcorn the abuſe, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your daughter there, is Mr. Vizard's—couſin, I ſuppoſe:—and for you, madam,—now to call her procureſs alamode de *France* [*Aſide.*] *J' eſtime votre occupation.*———

Darl. Pray, Sir, ſpeak Engliſh.

Wild. Then to define her office, Alamode de Londres!

[*Aſide.*] I ſuppoſe your ladyſhip to be one of thoſe civil, obliging, diſcreet, old gentlewomen, who keep their viſiting days for the entertainment of their preſenting friends, whom they treat with imperial tea, a private room, and a pack of cards. Now I ſuppoſe you do underſtand me.

Darl. This is beyond ſufferance! but ſay, thou abuſive man, what injury have you ever receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this ſcandalous aſperſion?

Ang. Yes, Sir, what cauſe, what motives, could induce you thus to debaſe your ſelf below your rank?

Wild. Hey day, now dear Roxana, and you my fair Statyra, be not ſo very Heroick in your ſtyles; Vizard's letter may reſolve you, and anſwer all the impertinent queſtions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll ſtand to't; he read it to me, and the contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruſe it, and ſee how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the letter.*] But hold, madam, [To *Darling.*] before I read I'll make ſome condition:—Mr. Vizard ſays here, that I won't ſcruple 30 or 40 pieces. Now, madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the account, and made it 3 or 4 hundred, 'e gad I will not ſtand to't.

Ang. Now I can't tell whether diſdain or anger be the moſt juſt reſentment for this injury.

Darl. The letter, Sir, ſhall anſwer you.

Wild. Well then (*Reads.*)

Out of my earneſt inclination to ſerve your ladyſhip, and my couſin Angelica, Ay, ay, the very words, I can ſay it by heart—*I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair——to———What the devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my couſin!*———He read to me quite a different thing.——*He's a gentleman of great parts and fortune*——He's a ſon of a whore, and a raſcal———*And wou'd make your daughter very happy* (*whiſtles.*) *in a husband.* (*Looks fooliſh, and hums a ſong.*) Oh, poor Sir Harry, what have the angry ſtars deſign'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no inſtigation to redreſs our wrongs, ſince even the injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our blood for many generations, has run in the pureſt channel of unſully'd honour.

Wild. Ay, madam. [*Bows to her.*

Ang. Conſider what a tender flower is woman's reputation, which the leaſt air of foul detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, madam. *Bows t'other.*

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous behaviour

Wild. Right, madam. (*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the baſe price you offer'd me. (*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, madam; was ever man ſo catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that Vizard, villain Vizard, caus'd all this, yet lives: that's all; farewel.

Wild. Stay, madam, (*To* Darling) one word; is there no other way to redreſs your wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I underſtand you, madam. (*Exit* Darling.) Here am I brought to a very pretty dilemma, I muſt commit murder, or commit matrimony; which is beſt now? A licenſe from Doctors Commons, or a ſentence from the Old Baily? If I kill my man, the law hangs me: if I marry my woman, I ſhall hang my ſelf.—But, dam it,——cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the moſt daring action of the two: ſo my dear couſin Angelica, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher ſenior *ſolus.*

Clin. How ſevere and melancholy are Newgate reflections? Laſt week my father died; yeſterday I turn'd beau; to day I am laid by the heels, and to-morrow ſhall be hung by the neck—— I was agreeing with a bookſeller about printing an account of my journey through France and Italy; but now the hiſtory of my travels muſt be thro' *Holburn to Tyburn*,--*The laſt and dying ſpeech of* Beau Clincher, *that was going to the* Jubilee.—*Come a half-penny a-piece.* A ſad ſound, a ſad ſound, faith. 'Tis one way to have a man's death make a great noiſe in the world.

Enter Smuggler *and* Gaoler.

Smug. Well, friend, I have told you who I am: ſo ſend theſe letters into Thames ſtreet, as directed; they are to gentlemen that will bail me. (Exit *Gaoler.*) Eh! this Newgate is a very populous place: here's robbery and repentance in every corner. ——— Well, friend, what are you? a cut-throat, or a Bum-bailiff?

Clin. What are you, miſtreſs? a bawd or a witch? Hearkee, if you are a witch, d'ye ſee, I'll give you a hundred pounds to mount me on a broom-ſtaff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

Smug. The Jubilee! O, you young rake-hell, what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your prinking, your dancing, and your friſking, would come to.

Clin. And I knew what your cozening, your extortion, and your ſmugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you muſt break your indentures, and run to the devil in a full bottom wig, muſt you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you muſt put off your gravity, and run to the devil in petticoats: ——— you deſign to ſwing in maſquerade, maſter, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you muſt go to the plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What buſineſs has a prentice at a play houſe, unleſs it be to hear his maſter made a cuckold, and his miſtreſs a whore? 'tis ten to one now, but ſome malicious poet has my character upon the ſtage within this month: 'tis a hard matter now, that an honeſt ſober man can't ſin in private for this plaguy ſtage. I gave an honeſt gentleman five guineas my ſelf towards writing a book againſt it: and it has done no good, we ſee.

Clin. Well, well, maſter, take courage! our comfort is, we have liv'd together, and ſhall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a fool, and ſhall die like a knave; and you have liv'd like a knave, and ſhall die like a fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have ſent a meſſenger for my

cloaths, and ſhall get out immediately, and ſhall be upon your jury by and by.——Go to prayers you rogue, to prayers. [*Exit* Smug.

Clin. Prayers! 'tis a hard taking, when a man muſt ſay grace to the gallows.——Ah, this curſed intriguing! Had I ſwung handſomely in a ſilken garter now, I had died in my duty; but to hang in hemp, like the vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A reprieve! a reprieve! thou dear, dear,——damn'd rogue. Where have you been? Thou art the moſt welcome ——ſon of a whore; where's my cloaths?

Err. Sir, I ſee where mine are: come, Sir, ſtrip, Sir, ſtrip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuſe a gentleman?

Err. A gentleman! Ha, ha, ha, d'ye know where you are, Sir? We're all gentlemen here;——I ſtand up for liberty and property.——Newgate's a common wealth. No courtier has buſineſs among us; come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but ſtay, ſtay till I ſend for my own cloaths; I ſhall get out preſently.

Err. No, no, Sir! I'll ha' you into the dungeon, and uncaſe you.

Clin. Sir, you can't maſter me; for I'm twenty thouſand ſtrong. [Exeunt *ſtruggling*.

SCENE *changes to lady* Darling's *houſe*.

Enter Wildair *with letters, ſervants following*.

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear theſe as directed; you to Weſtminſter,——you to St. James's, and you into the city.——Tell all my friends, a bridegroom's joy invites their preſence. Look all of ye like bridegrooms alſo: all appear with hoſpitable looks, and bear a welcome in your faces.——Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no reply; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that joy ſhall crown the day, and love the night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thouſand welcomes, friend; my pleaſure's now com-

plete, ſince I can ſhare it with my friend: brisk joy ſhall bound from me to you. Then back agen: and, like the ſun, grow warmer by reflection

Stand You're always pleaſant, Sir Harry; but this tranſcends your ſelf: whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canſt thou not gueſs, my friend? Whence flows all earthly joy? What is the life of man and ſoul of pleaſure?—*woman.*——What fires the heart with tranſport, and the ſoul with raptures? *Lovely woman*—what is the maſter ſtroke and ſmile of the creation, but *charming, virtuous woman?*—— When nature in the general compoſition, firſt brought woman forth, like a fluſh'd poet, raviſh'd with his fancy, with ecſtaſie! it bleſt the fair production.—Methinks, my friend, you reliſh not my joy. What is the cauſe?

Stand. Canſt thou not gueſs?—What is the bane of man, and ſcourge of life, but *woman?*——— What is the heatheniſh idol man ſets up, and is damn'd for worſhipping, *treacherous woman?*——What are thoſe, whoſe eyes, like baſilisks, ſhine beautiful for ſure deſtruction, whoſe ſmiles are dangerous as the grin of fiends, but *falſe, deluding woman?*—Woman! whoſe compoſition inverts humanity; their bodies heavenly; but their ſouls are clay.

Wild. Come, come, colonel, this is too much: I know your wrongs receiv'd from Lurewell may excuſe your reſentments againſt her. But 'tis unpardonable to charge the failings of a ſingle woman upon the whole ſex,———— I have found one, whoſe virtues———

Stand. So have I, Sir Harry; I have found one whoſe pride's above yielding to a prince. And if lying, diſſembling, perjury and falſhood, be no breaches in a woman's honour, ſhe's as innocent as infancy.

Wild Well, colonel, I find your opinion grows ſtronger by oppoſition; I ſhall now therefore wave the argument, and only beg you for this day to make a ſhew of complaiſance at leaſt.———Here comes my charming bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting Angelica.] I wiſh you, madam, all the joys of love and fortune.

Enter Clincher *junior.*

Clin. Gentlemen and ladies, I'm juſt upon the ſpur, and have only a minute to take my leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the Jubilee, Sir.

Darl. Bleſs me, couſin! how came you by theſe cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! ha, ha, ha! the rareſt jeſt! Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall burſt, by Jupiter Ammon, I ſhall burſt.

Darl. What's the matter, couſin?

Clin. The matter! Ha, ha, ha: why, an honeſt porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my brother's brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good jeſt, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the jeſt of all is, he knock'd out his brains with a hammer, and ſo he is as dead as a door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, let me ſee e'er a younger brother in England that won't laugh at ſuch a jeſt

Ang. You appear'd a very ſober pious gentleman ſome hours ago

Clin. 'Pſhaw, I was a fool then: but now, madam, I'm a wit; I can rake now.—— As for your part, madam, you might have had me once! —— But now, madam, if you ſhould chance fall to eating chalk, or gnawing the ſheets, 'tis none of my fault. —— Now, madam— I have got an eſtate, and I muſt go to the Jubilee.

Enter Clincher ſenior *in a blanket.*

Clin. ſen. Muſt you ſo, rogue, muſt ye? You will go to the Jubilee, will you?

Clin. jun. A ghoſt, a ghoſt!——— Send for the dean and chapter preſently.

Clin. ſen. A ghoſt! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder brother, rogue.

Clin jun I don't care a farthing for that; I'm ſure you're dead in law.

Clin ſen. Why ſo, Sirrah, why ſo?

Clin. jun Becauſe, Sir, I can get a fellow to ſwear he knock'd out your brains.

Wild. An odd way of ſwearing a man out of his life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, gentlemen, he has a deadly ſcent about him.———

Clin. ſen. Truly the apprehenſions of death may have made me ſavour a little——O Lord,———the colonel! The apprehenſion of him may make the ſavour worſe, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In ſhort, Sir, were you a ghoſt, or brother, or devil, I will go to the Jubilee, by Jupiter Ammon.

Stand. Go to the Jubilee, go to the Bear garden,—— the travel of ſuch fools as you, doubly injures our country; you expoſe our native follies, which ridicule us among ſtrangers, and return fraught only with their vices, which you vend here for faſhionable gallantry; a travelling fool is as dangerous as a home-bred villain—get you to your native plough and cart, converſe with animals like your ſelves, ſheep and oxen; men are creatures you don't underſtand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, colonel, their folly will be now diverting. Come, gentlemen, we'll diſpute this point ſome other time; I hear ſome fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us.

A ſervant enters and whiſpers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, ſhall I beg you to entertain the company in the next room for a moment? [*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my heart—come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt omnes but* Wildair.

Wild. A lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O! Madam, this favour is beyond my expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my wedding—what d'ye gaze at, madam?

Lure. A monſter—if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the moſt perjur'd wretch that e'er avow'd deceit.

Wild. Hey day! Why, madam, I'm ſure I never ſwore to marry you: I made indeed a ſlight promiſe, upon condition of your granting me a ſmall favour, but you would not conſent you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my ſhame.——— Can you deny your binding vows when this appears a witneſs 'gainſt your falſhood. [*Shews a ring.* Methinks the motto of this ſacred pledge ſhou'd flaſh confuſion in your guilty face——read, read here the binding words of love and honour, words not unknown to your perfidious tongue,——tho' utter ſtrangers to your treacherous heart.

Wild. The woman's ſtark ſtaring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciouſly deſign'd to let me find my miſery when paſt redreſs; to let me know you, only to know you falſe?——Had not curſed chance ſhew'd me the ſurpriſing motto, I had been happy——the firſt knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this ſecond worſe.

Wild. What the devil is all this!——Madam, I'm not at leiſure for raillery at preſent, I have weighty affairs upon my hands; the buſineſs of pleaſure, madam, any other time——— [*Going.*

Lure. Stay, I conjure you ſtay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my bride expects me; but hark'e, when the honey-moon is over, about a month or two hence, I may do you a ſmall favour. (*Exit.*

Lure. Grant me ſome wild expreſſions, heavens, or I ſhall burſt———woman's weakneſs, man's falſhood, my own ſhame, and love's diſdain, at once ſwell up my breaſt ———words, words, or I ſhall burſt. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, madam, you need not ſhun my ſight; for if you are perfect woman, you have confidence to outface a crime, and bear the charge of guilt without a bluſh.

Lure. The charge of guilt! What? Making a fool of you? I've done it, and glory in the act; the height of female juſtice were to make you all hang or drown; diſſembling to the prejudice of men is virtue; and every look, or ſign, or ſmile, or tear that can deceive is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty principles truly——if there be truth in woman, 'tis now in thee——come, madam, you know

that you're diſcovered, and being ſenſible you can't eſcape, you wou'd now turn to bay.

That ring, madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O monſter, villain, perfidious villain? Has he told you!

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure O name it not — yet, ſpeak it out, 'tis ſo juſt a puniſhment for putting faith in man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous maids, that truſt their honour to the tongues of men, thus hear their ſhame proclaim'd—ſpeak now, what his buſy ſcandal, and your improving malice both dare utter.

Stand Your falſhood can't be reach'd by malice nor by ſatyr; your actions are the juſteſt libel on your fame—your words, your looks, your tears, I did believe in ſpight of common fame. Nay, 'gainſt mine own eyes, I ſtill maintain'd your truth. I imagin'd Wildair's boaſting of your favours to be the pure reſult of his own vanity: at laſt he urg'd your taking preſents of him, as a convincing proof of which you yeſterday from him receiv'd that ring, which ring, that I might be ſure he gave it, I lent it him for that purpoſe.

Lure Ha! You lent it him for that purpoſe!

Stand. Yes, yes, madam, I lent him for that purpoſe—no denying it —— I know it well, for I have worn it long, and deſire you now, madam, to reſtore it to the juſt owner.

Lure. The juſt owner? Think, Sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it; if you have love and honour in your ſoul, 'tis then moſt juſtly yours, if not, you are a robber, and have ſtol'n it baſely.

Stand. Ha — — your words, like meeting flints, have ſtruck a light to ſhew me ſomething ſtrange — but tell me inſtantly, is not your real name Manly?

Lure. Anſwer me firſt, did not you receive this ring about twelve years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two nights at the houſe of Sir Oliver Manly in Oxfordſhire?

Stand. I was, I was, [*Runs to her and embraces her.*]

The bleſt remembrance fires my ſoul with tranſport——— I know the reſt——you are the charming ſhe, and I the happy man.

Lure. How has blind fortune ſtumbled on the right! But where have you wander'd ſince?——'twas cruel to forſake me.

Stand. The particulars of my fortune are too tedious now: but to diſcharge my ſelf from the ſtain of diſhonour, I muſt tell you, that immediately upon my return to the university, my elder brother and I quarrell'd: my father, to prevent farther miſchief, poſts me away to travel: I writ to you from London, but fear the letter came not to your hands.

Lure. I never had the leaſt account of you by letter or otherwiſe.

Stand. Three years I liv'd abroad, and at my return, found you were gone out of the kingdom; tho' none could tell me whither: miſſing you thus, I went to Flanders, ſerv'd my king till the peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on board at Amſterdam, one ſhip tranſported us born to England. At the firſt ſight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden cauſe——— you may remember, madam, that talking once of marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear ſelf I meant.

Lure. Then men are ſtill moſt generous and brave——— and to reward your truth, an eſtate of three thouſand pounds a year waits your acceptance; and if I can ſatisfie you in my paſt conduct, and the reaſons that engag'd me to deceive all men, I ſhall expect the honourable performance of your promiſe, and that you would ſtay with me in England.

Stand. Stay! nor fame, nor glory, e'er ſhall part us more. My honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both Clinchers.*

Oh! Sir Harry, fortune has acted miracles to day, the ſtory's ſtrange and tedious, but all amounts to this, that woman's mind is charming as her perſon, and I am made a convert too to beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my pleaſure perfect.

And, now madam, we may dance and ſing, and love and kiſs in good earneſt.——

A dance here. After the dance, enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, gentlemen and ladies, I'm glad to find you ſo merry, is my gracious nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not ſhew his face among ſuch honourable company, for your gracious nephew is——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you ſay.

Wild. A villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my heart—I'll pardon you the beating me for that very word. And pray, Sir Harry, when you ſee him next, tell him this news from me, that I have diſinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded quarter maſter. And this is the poſitive and ſtiff reſolution of threeſcore and ten; an age that ſticks as obſtinately to its purpoſe, as to the old faſhion of its cloak.

Wild. You ſee, madam, [*To* Angel.] how induſtriouſly fortune has puniſh'd his offence to you.

Angel. I can ſcarcely, Sir, reckon it an offence, conſidering the happy conſequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir Harry, he is as hypocritical——

Lure. As your ſelf, Mr. Alderman; how fares my good old nurſe, pray, Sir?

Smug. O madam, I ſhall be even with you before I part with your writings and money, that I have in my hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this pocket-book.

Smug. O Lord, it contains an account of all my ſecret practices in trading [*Aſide.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir Harry here duſted it out of your pocket, at this lady's houſe yeſterday: it contains an account of ſome ſecret practices in your merchandizing; among the reſt the counterpart of an agreement with a correſpondent at *Bourdeaux*, about tranſporting French wine in Spaniſh casks——firſt return this lady all her writings, then I ſhall conſider whether I ſhall lay your proceedings before the parliament or not, whoſe juſtice will never ſuffer your ſmuggling to go unpuniſh'd.

Smug. O my poor ſhip and cargo!

Clin. ſen. Hark'e, maſter, you had as good come along with me to the Jubilee now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a woman adviſe: wou'd you be thought an honeſt man, baniſh covetouſneſs, that worſt gout of age; avarice is a poor pelting quality of the ſoul, and will as certainly cheat, as a thief wou'd ſteal ——— wou'd you be thought a reformer of the times, be leſs ſevere in your cenſures, leſs rigid in your precepts, and more ſtrict in your example.

Wild. Right, madam, virtue flows freer from imitation, than compulſion; of which, colonel, your converſion and mine are juſt examples.

In vain are muſty morals taught in ſchools,
By rigid teachers, and as rigid rules,
Where virtue with a frowning aſpect ſtands,
And frights the pupil from its rough commands.
But woman ———
Charming woman can true converts make,
We love the precepts for the teacher's ſake.
Virtue in them appears ſo bright, ſo gay,
We hear with tranſport, and with pride obey.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his reſpective way,
To ſpend an evening's chat upon the play;
Some to Hippolito's; *one homeward goes,*
And one with loving ſhe retires to th' Roſe.
The am'rous pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may ſave the play, in number three.
The tearing ſpark, if Phyllis *ought gainſays,*
Breaks th' drawer's head, kicks her, and murders bays.
To Coffee *ſome retreat to ſave their pockets,*
Others, more generous, damn the play at Lockets;
But there, I hope, the author's fears are vain,
Malice ne'er ſpoke in generous Champaign.
That poet merits an ignoble death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The privilege of wine we only ask,
You'll taſte again, before you damn the flask.
Our author fears not you; but thoſe he may,
Who in cold blood murder a man in tea.
Thoſe men of ſpleen who fond the world ſhould know it,
Sit down, and for their twopence *damn a poet.*
Their criticiſm's good, that we can ſay for't,
They underſtand a play—too well to pay for't,
From box to ſtage, from ſtage to box they run,
Firſt ſteal the play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what fate may us betide,
Among our friends in Cornhill *and* Cheapſide.
But thoſe, I think, have but one rule for plays;
They'll ſay they're good, if ſo the world but ſays.
If it ſhould pleaſe them and their ſpouſes know it,
They ſtrait enquire what kind of man's the poet.

EPILOGUE.

But from ſide-box we dread a fearful doom,
All the good natur'd beaux are gone to Rome.
The ladies cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a line or two t'engage their vote;
But that way's old, below our author's aim,
No leſs than his whole play is complement to them.
For their ſakes then the play can't miſs ſucceeding,
Tho' criticks may want wit, they have good breeding;
They won't, I'm ſure, forfeit the ladies graces,
By ſhewing their ill-nature to their faces:
Our buſineſs with good manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

FINIS.